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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

THE LONE INDIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY MORFORD

"He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak which shadowed the grave of Sunny Eye. Alas, the white man's axe had been there. * * "The pale face may like it," murmured he, "but an Indian cannot die here in peace." So saying he broke his bow string, snapped his arrows, threw them on the burial place of his fathers, and departed forever."—*Miss Francis.*

I will look no more
On my own broad land,
That the white man tore
From my trembling hand.
I will break my bow,
I will tread alone,
Where the sun lies low,
And will soon go down.

I could bear with all
They have done to me,
I could bear to fall
As a withered tree.
But the spoiler's tread
Has been even here,
And my buried dead
Is the white man's sneer.

They have cut away
The old oak bough,
Whose leaves one day
I wreathed on her brow.
They have left her grave
To the noonday sun,
For the brute and the slave
To look upon.

My peoples feet
Tread here no more,
In the council seat
Where we met of yore.
The council house
Of the white man stands
Full of broken vows
And of bloody hands.

The river's banks
Are green this morn
With the waving ranks
Of their heavy corn.
And I see the sails
Of their great canoes
Glide o'er the vales
Where our river flows.

The pale face may think
That the land is good,
But the air I drink
Is my people's blood.
And I will not die
On this trodden ground,
And I cannot lie
With this race around.

My hair is gray,
And my arm is weak;
The sod will lay
On the Indian's cheek.
I will break my bow,
I will tread alone,
Where the sun is low,
And will soon go down.

Original Novel.

MARIAN;

Or, Ingleborough Hall.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,
AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "GUARICA," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

Thus then had the days passed with Marian during those years of which her sister knew so little, each day sadder and bearing less of hope than the last. She had heard of her mother's death, that mother whom she had once so cherished, whose memory was still so dear to her—yet had those gloomy tidings brought no increase to the unhappy wife's cold sadness. No! so completely had the hardening touch of despair petrified all her feelings, that she now felt that nothing could increase or diminish the burthen, under which she labored. If she thought of the dead at all, it was to envy, not weep—it was to clasp her hands, and turn her eyes up to heaven, and to cry—"Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors!" And worse every day, and more vicious—aye! and more loathsome and more cruel in his vices, did Ernest de Vaux show himself. Alas!—the career of vice, is as it were on a road up a steep mountain's side. There is no halting on the way, no standing still—no power of remaining where you are. Upward or downward, you must on, and on for ever! Upward with conscientious hopes and earnest struggles and energetical resolves to virtue and to honor and to peace—or downward, with headlong speed, to crime, and agony, and ruin, and that perdition which shall not end when all things else have reached their termination. Alas! I say—alas! for this latter was the path in which the steps of De Vaux were hurrying, and toward this termination.

From gentlemanly vice, as it is falsely called, and those extravagances or excesses rather, of which men, deemed by the world honorable, may be guilty without losing caste, Ernest began now to degenerate into low profligacy, vulgar habitual debauchery! His noble features and fine form had already begun to display the symptoms of habitual intemperance; his courtly manners and air once so noble had deteriorated sadly; his temper, so equable and mild, and at the least, in outward show so kindly, had become harsh, and querulous, uneven, and at times violent and brutal.

Yet Marian still clung to him, faithful in weal and wo, in wealth as in poverty—for at times, in the changes and chances of the civil war, they had in truth undergone much hardship—she was still the unchanged, unrepining, fond consoler—but alas! how cruelly, and how often were her sweet consolations cast back upon her, her kind and affectionate advances met with harsh words, and bitter menaces—and once! yes once, when the mad demon of intoxication was all powerful within him—yes! once with a blow.

It was the fifth year of the civil war, and though many fierce and sanguinary fields had been fought, many towns taken, many halls and manor-houses stormed and defended, much generous, noble blood prodigally wasted, neither side yet had gained anything, or real or permanent advantage. It was the fifth year of the civil war, and the Marquis of Newcastle, one of the most accomplished and gallant noblemen of the day, was holding York for the King, though besieged with an overwhelming force, by the united forces of the English puritans and independents, under Lord Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell, and the Scotch covenanters, under David Leslie, and many of the protestant Lords of the sister kingdom.

The siege had indeed lasted some time, but although those within the city were beginning to look eagerly for the relief which was expected daily from Prince Rupert, they were not as yet straitened for provision, or dispirited. And here in the midst of present apprehension, and perhaps soon to be in the midst of peril, here in the very city, wherein she had passed those few bright days, the brightest and the happiest of her life, alas! that they should have led to consequences so cruelly disastrous—here in a poor mean lodging in a small narrow street, nigh Stonegate, dwelt the once bright and happy Marian.

It was night, and, although summer time, the weather was exceeding damp and chilling. It was night, dead night, and quite dark, for there was no moon, and the skies were so cloudy that the faint glimmer of the stars failed to pierce their thick folds. There were no sounds abroad in the beleaguered city but the distant call from hour to hour of the answered sentinel, and the occasional tramp and clash of arms, as the grand rounds passed through the streets to visit the out-posts, or the relief parties marched toward the walls.

At this dead hour of the night, in a small wretched parlor scantily furnished with a few common wooden chairs, a coarse oak table on which stood a brazen lamp diffusing a pale uncertain light through the low roofed apartment, and sufficing barely to show the extreme poverty and extreme cleanliness of that abode of high born beauty, sat Marian, Lady de Vaux, plainly attired, and in no wise becomingly to her high station, pale, wan, and thin, and careworn, and no more like to the Marian Hawkwood of old days than the poor disembodied ghost to the fair form it once inhabited.

The floor of the wretched room was neatly sanded, for it was carpetless, and no curtains veiled the small latticed casements—the walls were hung with defensive armor and a few weapons, two or three cloaks and feathered hats disposed with a sad attempt at symmetrical arrangement and decoration—four or five books, some paper and materials for writing, and an old lute lay on the table by which Marian was sitting, and on another smaller board at a little distance, neatly arranged with a clean white cloth, stood a loaf of bread, the remnants, now very low reduced, of a sirloin, and a half bottle of red wine—the supper prepared by the hapless wife, herself fasting and hungered, for the base recreant husband.

An open Bible lay before Marian on the board, but though her eyes rested on the blessed promises, and her hands at times, as if mechanically turned its pages, her mind was far away, suspended on every distant sound, that rose from the deserted streets, starting at every passing footstep, with a strange mixture, as it seemed, of eager expectation and wild fear.

At length a quick strong heavy tread came up the street, and paused under the window.

"It is he," she said, listening intently, and a deep crimson flush rising to her whole face, but receding rapidly, and leaving only two round hectic spots high up on her cheek bones. "Thank God! it is he at last!" and she arose and trimmed the lamp, and drew the little table forward with the preparation for his supper—but, as the door below yielded to the pass-key which he carried, she started and turned white as ashes; for the sound of a second step reached her ears, and the soft cadence of a female voice. She paused, with her whole soul intent upon the sound, and as they came nearer and nearer, and more and more distinct—

"My God!" she said to herself, in a low choked whisper clasping her hands together, as if in mortal anguish, "my God! it cannot be!"

But it was—it was, as she dreaded—as she would not believe! Shame on the dastard villain! it was true!

The door opened suddenly, and Ernest de Vaux entered with a tall and exceedingly handsome woman leaning upon his arm, whom Marian recognized the very moment their eyes met, for the lady Agnes Trevor, of whose bold and shameless conduct with her husband she had long heard, though she strove to close her ears to them, a thousand cruel rumors. This last worst outrage, however, was not without its effect—even the worm, when trodden under foot, will, it is said, rise up against its torturer; and even her base husband was astonished at the superb and stately majesty with which the wronged and heart-broken woman drew herself up as they entered, at the flash of grand indignation which lightened from every speaking feature—if he had calculated that her spirit was so utterly cowed and broken that she would endure everything in silence—madly had he erred, and tremendously was he now undeceived.

Even the guilty woman who accompanied him, started back in dismay—it would appear even, that she had not known before whither he was conducting her, for she shrunk back aghast and clung to his arm yet closer than before, as she asked in a tremulous and agitated tone—"who is this—who is this lady? Ernest!"

"It is his wife, madame!" replied Marian, taking a forward step—"his wedded wife, for whom it is rather to ask, who you are, that intrude thus upon her, at this untimely hour?"

"It is my wife, Agnes," answered De Vaux at the same moment—"my wife, who will be happy to extend her hospitality to you, until these most unhappy jars are ended, and you reconciled to my lord, to my lord—Marian, it is the Lady Agnes Trevor, who asks your welcome; assure her"—

"I do assure her—" replied Marian, haughtily—"that she is perfectly fully welcome to enjoy all the comforts, all the hospitalities which this roof has to offer—this roof"—

"Why that is well"—replied her husband with a sneering smile, "I told you, Agnes, she would be very glad to receive you—she is a sweet, mild, patient little creature, this pretty wife of mine!"

"This roof," continued Marian, "which from this hour, shall never cover my head any more."

"Hey day! hey day! what is all this? what does this mean"—

"It means, simply, that hitherto I have borne much, have borne all—but infamy—and infamy I will bear never. Fare-you-well, sir—may you repent, I say—may you repent, I say, and ere it be too late—and may you," she added, turning to the frail beauty, who stood trembling in her presence, "may you never know the agonies which you have heaped upon my soul!"

And she passed by them with a movement so impetuously rapid, that she was out of the door before Ernest, to whom Agnes Trevor was clinging still in mortal terror, could interpose to arrest her flight. But recovering himself, instantly he darted after and caught her by her dress, and would have dragged her back into the room—but she laid hold of the balustrades of the staircase, and clung to them so strongly that he could not move her.

"Do you so little know me, Marian," he exclaimed furiously, "as to imagine that I would suffer my wife to go forth alone, a mark for evil tongues, at such an hour as this—back! Madam Marian—back to your chamber—or you will force me to do that I shall be sorry for!"

"Sorry for!" answered Marian with calm scorn, "you sorry for aught of injury to me!—and do you, sir, so little know me as to imagine that I would stay one moment under the same roof with your"—

"With my what—with my what, madam!" shouted De Vaux, "beware how you answer!"

"Unhand me, sir, unhand me!" she replied, "unhand me, for I will go forth!"

"Answer me—with my what?—under the same roof with my what?" he again exclaimed, shaking her violently by the arm.

"With your harlots, sir," she replied firmly, and at the same moment two fearful sounds followed her words—one the most fearful sound, perhaps, that can be heard on earth at all—the sound of a heavy blow dealt by a man to a weak woman—the other a wild piercing female yell—a yell that echoed far and wide through the midnight city. But it came not, that awful shriek, from the lips of Marian.

No, no, it was the reckless, the abandoned outcast wife of the Lord Albert Trevor, that uttered that heart rending cry, as she rushed with a frantic air out of the chamber, and throwing herself at the feet of her seducer, and clasping his knees wildly with one hand, caught with the other his upraised right arm—upraised again to smite her whom he had sworn to love and honor.

"Me, me!" she cried, "oh, God—me! me! not her—strike me—strike me, not her! for I deserve it—deserve it all—all—all—me, as she rightly termed me—me the outcast—the harlot!"

And with so powerful a grasp, moved by the ecstacy of remorse and frenzy did the frail creature restrain the ruffian's fury, that he was forced to stoop down and exert some power to remove her. But the moment Marian perceived what was passing, she darted down the stairs, and through the front door, which she closed violently behind her, and into the vacant street, and fled with a speed that soon set pursuit at defiance. That night she slept at her old uncle's house in the Minster yard, the following day York was relieved, and the siege of the Puritans raised by the fiery Rupert. On the third morning the royal troops sallied forth to give battle to the troops of Fairfax upon the fatal Moor of Long Marston, and while the roar of cannon was deafening the ears of all for miles around her, and her bad husband was charging in the maddest of the strife, Marian was hurrying home to die—hurrying home to die in the calm shades of Wharfdale.

CHAPTER XVII.

Thus things went on in the busy world abroad, and at home in the quiet vales of Ingleborough, until some few days after the deadly fight and desperate defeat at Long Marston.

Autumn had come again—brown autumn—and Annabel now in her garden tending her flowers, and listening to her birds, and thinking of the past, not with the keen and piercing anguish of a present sorrow, but with the mellowed recollection of an old regret. She stood beside the stream—the stream that all unchanged itself had witnessed such sad changes in all that was around it—close to the spot where she had talked so long with Marian on that eventful morning, when a quick soft step came behind her—she turned and Marian clasped her!

No words can describe the feelings of the sisters as they met, and it was not till after many a fond embrace and many a burst of tears, that Marian told her how, after years of sufferance, compelled at last to fly from the outrageous cruelty of him, for whom she had thrown up all but honor, she now came home—home, like the hunted hare to her form, like the wounded bird to her nest—she now came home to die. "What could it boot," she said, "to repeat the old and oft-told tale, how eager passion made way for uncertain and oft-interrupted gleams of fondness—how a love founded on no esteem or real principles, melted like wax before the fire—how inattention paved the way for neglect—and infidelity came close behind—and open profligacy, and bold insult, and cool maddening outrage followed. How the ardent lover became the careless husband, the cold master, the unfeeling tyrant, and at last the brutal despot.

Marian came home to die—the seeds of that invincible disease were sown deep in her bosom—her exquisitely rounded shape was angular and thin, emaciated by disease, and suffering, and sorrow. A burning hectic spot on either cheek were now the only remnants of that once all-radiant complexion; her step so slow and faltering, her breath drawn sob by sob with actual agony, her quick short cough, all told too certainly the truth! Her faults were punished bitterly on earth, and happily that punishment had worked its fitting end—these faults were all repented, were all amended now. Perhaps at no time of her youthful bloom had Marian been so sweet, so truly lovely, as now when her young days were numbered.

All the asperity and harshnesses, the angles as it were of her character, mellowed down into a calm and unrepining cheerfulness. And oh! with what delicious tenderness did Annabel console, and pray with, and caress her—oh! they were indeed happy! indeed happy for those last months, those lovely sisters. For Annabel's delight at seeing the dear Marian of happier and better days once more beside her, in their old chamber, beside her in the quiet garden, beside her in the pew of the old village church, had, for the time completely overpowered her fears for her sister's health, and as is almost invariably the case in that most fatal, most insiduous of disorders, she constantly was flattered with vain hopes that Marian was amending, that the next spring would see her again well and happy. Vain hopes! indeed vain hopes—but which of mortal hopes is other?

The cold mists of November were on the hills and in the glens of Wharfdale—the trees were stripped of their last leaves—the grass was sered and withered—the earth cheerless—the skies comfortless—when, at the same predestined window, the sisters sat watching the last gleam of the wintry sun fade on the distant hill-top. What was that flash far up the road? That round and ringing report! Another! and another! the evident reports of musketry. And lo! a horseman flying—a wild fierce troop pursuing—the foremost rides bareheaded, but the blue scarf that flutters in the air, shows him a loyal cavalier; the steel caps and jack-boots of the pursuers, point them out evidently puritans,—there are but twenty of them—and lo! the fugitive gains on them—Heaven! he turns from the highroad! crosses the steep bridge at a gallop! he takes the park gate at a leap! he cuts across the turf! and lo! the dalesmen and the tenants have mustered to resist—a short, fierce struggle! the roundheads are beat back! the fugitive, now at the very hall doors, is preserved. The door flew open—he staggered into the well-known vestibule, opened the parlor-door with an accustomed hand, and reeled into the presence of the sisters, exhausted with fatigue, pale from the loss of blood, faint with his mortal wounds—yet he spoke out in a clear voice,

"In time, in time, thank God! in time to make some reparation, to ask for pardon, ere I die!"

And with these words, De Vaux, for he it was, staggered up to his injured wife, and, dropping on his knees, cast his arms round her waist, and burying his head in her lap, exclaimed in faltering tones—

"Pardon me, Marian, pardon me, before I die; pardon me, as you loved me once!"

"Oh! as I love you now, dear Ernest—fully, completely, gladly do I pardon you, and take you to my heart, never again to part, my own dear husband."

"Groaning, she clasped him close, and in that act
And agony her happy spirit fled."

Annabel saw her head fall on his neck, and fancying that she had fainted, ran to uplift her; but, ere she had time to do so, both were beyond the reach of any mortal sorrow—nor did she, the survivor, long survive them—she faded like a fair flower, and lies beside them in the still bosom of one common tomb. The hall was tenanted no more, and soon fell into ruin—but the wild hills of Wharfdale must themselves pass away, before the children of the dalesman shall forget the sad tale of the Sisters.

Revolutionary.

THE SILVER SPOONS.

A Story of the American Revolution.

A curious reader will fancy to himself, after eyeing the title of our narrative, that we are about to treat him with a racy romance professing to be the history of some legendary hero, who was "born with a silver spoon in his mouth." But he must not throw it aside in disgust, when we inform him that instead of romance, he is reading the veritable relic of a plain matter of fact, which occurred during the seven years war, that resulted in the emancipation of our country from the thraldom of British servitude.

Every one familiar with the history of the American Revolution is aware that the State of New Jersey, during a long period of the war, was the scene of keen contest and severe suffering; more especially that part of it which lies along and on either side of a line stretching from Philadelphia to the city of New York—a line on which the traveller passes, in these piping times of peace, with the greatest rapidity, and in the most perfect security; thanks to a gracious Providence and to our enterprising fellow citizens.

While the enemy was encamped* on Staten Island, Elizabethtown, the vicinity of which is separated from the island by a narrow channel, together with the villages and country adjacent, but Elizabethtown in particular, was visited, plundered and ransacked time and again. This town being as it were, under the very eye of the enemy, and under the muzzles of his guns was comparatively defenceless. Scouting and strolling parties, however, that wandered sometimes too high up in the neighboring country with too much confidence of their safety, suddenly found themselves beset by a spirited foe, whose sharp-shooters picked out their officers, and who often followed them in hot pursuit till within sight of their camp.

For want of other homes, notwithstanding the great danger and distress, many of the inhabitants of Elizabethtown and its vicinity did not remove. Besides this, and what added very much to the calamities our people endured, there were not a few of the citizens who had no cause to fear the British, and who were protected by them during the continuance of the war. These Tories, or Refugees, as they were then called, were the spies and guides of the enemy, and put him in possession of all the information he desired, by which his foragers could more certainly obtain their supplies, and the most zealous and devoted on the American side might be singled out as the objects of vengeance and persecution. And it was always laid to their charge that the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, the pious and patriotic pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown, and his amiable wife, were singled out and shot by straggling British soldiers. This lamented clergyman was foremost among his flock, at that time almost the only Christians in that section, in denouncing the arbitrary measures of the British Government, and in stirring up the zeal and patriotism of the Americans in defence of their liberty. But his death did not allay the thirst for vengeance which had been excited in the heart of the enemy. The partner of his bosom had dared, as did many of the neighbors, to remain in her own house. It was there, one pleasant afternoon, seated in the midst of her little household, that a bullet from the musket of a soldier who was walking along the street, no hostile party in sight, broke a pane of glass in a window, and sent the excellent woman to an untimely grave.

Outrages like this could not but kindle feelings of the warmest animosity. And the result was many a gallant struggle between small parties from the opposing ranks, which not falling within the drift of the historian's design, have remained unrecorded, and survive only in the recollection of a few octogenarians, and in the dimmer traditionary keeping of the posterity of those stout hearts that lived in "a time that tried men's souls."

Almost all able to bear arms, old and young, were, some time or other, either as officers or privates, partakers in the contest. We would that it were in our power to glean out from the fast fading remembrances of the older people of that part of New Jersey a few more precious sheaves like the one we have now gathered. And, as matrimonial alliance some dozen years past brought us into a very agreeable acquaintance with many of the present occupants of that classic soil, we live in hopes of yet being able to gratify our own, and through the medium of the press, the innocent curiosity of our countrymen. And at the same time to perpetuate the memory of those worthies whose hearts beat as warm as Washington's, and whose collective force was quite as indispensable as his commanding genius, to drive the haughty foe from our shores.

Mr. Josiah Meeker was a young gentleman of good family and manners. He possessed a competent landed estate, in other words, a clever little farm, three miles Southwest from the then village, but now city of Newark, and some four or five to the North of Elizabethtown, in sight of "the blue hills of Jersey."

His old-fashioned cottage, which is still standing, and still the domicil of his posterity, was partly of stone and partly of wooden frame work. As you pass along one of the roads leading through Lyons's Farms, as lovely and well tilled a district as may be found in the whole country, abounding in smiling mansions and plenteous crops; and when you reach the top of the hill on which stands the stone school house, a lane or cross road diverges to your right, at right angles to the main road. This leads you through a pretty valley, the bottom of which is washed by a clear and cheerful stream of pure water. There, a few hundred yards from the school house, is the cottage, through the garden of which the stream runs. Nature has done so much for this sweet, quiet, poetic place, that the hand of art, which has not been wholly idle, is not needed to make it a most delightful spot. We must let your imagination bedeck the walks, and set off the borders with flowers and evergreens, while we follow on the thread of our story. Doubtless in this day of peace and prosperity, much time has been found for improvement and ornament, which the disasters between 1776 and 1783 afforded no leisure to attend to. Mr. Meeker was busy through the war and in the business of the war. He did not, however, belong to the rank and file; neither was he a commissioned officer. Yet from the honorable and trusty service in which he was engaged, it was proper for him to mount a pair of epaulettes and to be provided with a suit of uniform. Such was his character for prowess and self-command, that he was principally chosen to bear important communications from one division of the American army to another, through sections of the country in possession of the enemy's lines.

Sometimes he would be seen bounding along through the country on his gallant courser, in the dress of a colonel; at others, when the service required it, he would resume the plain farmer's garb. By these means he escaped detection and capture, while many of his less fortunate neighbors were found in their own houses, in military apparel, and consigned frequently, for years together, to the old sugar-house in the city of New York, which was the British jail for American prisoners. He invariably took the precaution, on his visits home, of leaving his regimental suit several miles up in the interior, at the house of some acquaintance or other; or else in the care of a brother officer on regular duty. Thus it was that parties of the enemy roaming about through the neighborhood, often called at his house and partook of the hospitalities, which it had been folly to deny them, of a humble unpretending countryman, as they vainly supposed, who gave himself no concern about politics, war or liberty.

It is related of him that on one occasion, some fifteen or twenty English officers, who had been out on a frolic, came riding up, and showing some disposition to alight, were very kindly and submissively welcomed and invited in by Mr. Meeker, who ordered the woman, a servant that belonged to him, to prepare dinner for the whole party, while he very officiously led their horses to the stable, and supplied them with hay. He then came in and set out his brandy, which soon flowed freely around and put them in the best humor. Knowing that they would probably stay several hours, and that it would be two, or three, at least, before dinner would be ready; after expressing much regret at the necessity he was under of leaving them, he begged that they would excuse his absence from them awhile, as his grandmother lay very ill, and was not likely to live, and he had been about starting to see her, perhaps for the last time, just as they arrived. They condoled with him most sincerely, and told him by all means to go and not suffer them to detain him. He mounted his horse and galloped off three or four miles, and soon gathered a party of the neighbors. By this time the red coat officers were in the midst of their comfortable entertainment, with appetites quite whetted up with the farmer's substitute for champagne, and exchanging the joyous salutations of wit and raillery.

There was living at one of the neighboring houses a *privileged* character, an old negro woman, named Jane. She was both a tory in her politics and a slave in her person. As was natural, she did not feel a very deep interest in the welfare of that side among the members of which were those who kept her in bondage. Our readers, however, are not hastily to infer that the characters of slave and tory were identical, for on an adjoining farm was a brother slave, called Frank, who partook of all the enthusiasm of the most zealous Whig. Frank would frequently be seen in the attire of an American soldier, on the back of his plough nag, brandishing his trusty blade, and joining in a hearty cheer for the independence of his master's country and his own. Jane often rallied him "for a fool of a nigger," and asked him how much better *he* would be off suppose the British should be beaten. "Let 'em cut their own throats if they please—it's none of your business, I'm sure—you'll only be a slave, let the fight come out as it will."

It was luckily for the jolly messmates in Joseph Meeker's cottage, that old Jane happened to see them when they stopped there. Wondering how a parcel of Englishmen should tarry so long at the house of a man whom she knew to be so staunch a partisan of the opposite side, she sauntered down the road, and, dropping into the kitchen, was soon informed of his warm hospitality, and the pretended excuse for his absence, by the cook, who was of her own color. Jane knew very well there was no time to be lost. So without ceremony, she blustered into the house, exclaiming, "Well, I think you be a pretty set of fools to be eating and drinking here at this rate. Josiah Meeker by this time has got his gang around him, and it's a wonder if you're not all butchered here on the spot. It's time you were scampering for your lives." This unexpected alarm broke up the mess in quite short order, or rather disorder. Scamper they did. And scarcely picking up their hats, left swords, pistols, belts and sashes, and flying for their horses, hardly had time to mount and hasten off toward Elizabethtown, before Mr. Meeker and his party had surrounded the house.

Not long before, or after this event, we are not precisely informed, there was an exchange of prisoners effected between the hostile armies, by one of those fortunate captures made, either by Gen. Washington, or some one of his subordinate officers, by means of which a number of the inmates of the old sugar house could again ramble over their native plains and breathe the fresh air of Heaven.

An interesting young man, who had been spending many months in that close and uncomfortable residence, made shift to get on shore at Elizabethtown Point, which is fifteen miles from New York. His condition was very destitute. With no money in his pockets, ragged and sick, he crept up to Elizabethtown on foot, as well as his failing strength would allow. He called at one door, and told the story of his imprisonment and recent deliverance, stated that he was sick, and without a penny to buy a bit of bread, and besought entertainment until his recruiting strength would better enable him to walk to his far distant home. The door was closed against him. He went to another and another with no better success. He was an entire stranger in that part of the country. The best excuse for such unkindness is perhaps to be found in the consideration of the unsettled state of every thing, and the greater than usual liability to be imposed on by the arts of the wicked and the deceitful. The poor young man even asked permission of one family, if they would not let him come into the house, to sleep on the straw, in the barn loft. But this too, was denied him. Summoning up all his remaining strength for a last effort, he left the inhospitable villagers and wandered off on one of the roads, not knowing whither to go; and after walking four or five miles as good Providence would have it, before night-fall he reached the cottage of Mr. Josiah Meeker. Mr. M. was at home, and welcomed the faint young soldier in. Every thing which kindness could suggest was proffered, and the poor fellow found a brother, when he had almost despaired of finding a friend. His fever was allayed, and in a few days he was nearly well.

By this time some excursion of military duty called Mr. Meeker away, and he left the young man in the care of the black woman, who, during the war, was the only member of the family beside himself. He told the soldier to stay as long as he pleased. As for himself, duty called him away in the service of his country, and he did not know when he should return. Perhaps he might never. The chances of war were very uncertain. In case he should not return, the young invalid was relieved from all embarrassment and anxiety by the permission to consider that house his home for life.

After a residence there, however, of nine days, the young soldier, recruited in health, and encouraged by kindness so unexpected, left the cottage to seek his distant friends and home. The chances of war, too, proved favorable to his noble, magnanimous host. And after the war, and after the immense sufferings which it had laid on the American people, were past, Mr. Meeker found leisure to occupy his farm undisturbed; and in the arts and enjoyments of peace to share the fruits of the toil, which he and his patriotic fellows had so long endured. He united himself in matrimony to one of the fair damsels of East Jersey; and in the course of a few years, a sprightly boy and four interesting girls gave a hundred-fold additional value to his classical little farm and cottage.

Almost seventy years have now rolled away since Mr. M. and his compatriots drew their swords in behalf of American freedom. Long ere this he and the mother of his children have paid the great debt of mankind; while only a scattered few of those whose eyes looked upon the horrors of the Revolutionary struggle are yet to be found among the living. And upon them decrepitude has fastened itself, and they move steadily to the grave, bowed down under the pressing weight. A new generation has followed. And impelled by the same love of liberty, its members are pruning and cultivating that tree which their fathers planted; are witnessing its constantly unfolding blossoms, and gathering its perpetually improving fruit. How would the heart of the patriarch and philosopher, Franklin, rejoice, could his wish of being permitted, like the fly corked up in a bottle of wine, to come out and live again, at the end of seventy or eighty years, be gratified. He would see improvements far out-stretching his most sagacious calculations; and the love of liberty, morality and religion deepening and widening, every year, in the bosom of his country.

It was some time between the commencement and the close of Mr. Van Buren's administration of the national government, that an aged and respectable looking gentleman, apparently in pursuit of pleasure and recreation, found his way into Lyons's Tavern. With a somewhat inquisitive eye he seemed to be watching the turns and forks of the road, until, reaching the stone school-house on the top of the hill, he struck off down the lane to the right, and alighting at the first house on the left hand, knocked at the door. There happened to be but one member of the family at home. His venerable appearance and gray locks, however, were a sufficient guaranty, and without the ceremony of a farther introduction, he was invited to come in. He said that his name was Elihu Fish, and that he was a resident of New England. He had been in that country once before, but that it was a long time ago. Things then were very different from their present appearance. The aged stranger looked around him with a good deal of quiet curiosity, as if trying to recognize something, his face brightening with additional interest all the time. "Permit me to ask," said he, at length, "the person's name who lives here."

"Josiah Meeker, my brother," replid a middle aged maiden lady, the same who had met him at the door.

"Josiah Meeker!" said the stranger—"and will you be good enough to tell me your own name."

"My name is Hannah."

"And now what was your father's name?"

"His name was the same as my brothers."

"*Was* the same—then he is not living?" said the old visitor. "Ah! Josiah Meeker. Yes, I remember him well. Never can I forget Josiah Meeker. And *this* is the very house that he lived in during the Revolution—the very house that he entertained me in so kindly, and so long, without fee or reward, when I was a poor, ragged, penniless soldier, returning homeward from the sugar house, that old British prison, as it then was. Sick too, I was, and wholly unable to drag my weary frame any farther. But when I got here, your kind father, he was a brother indeed to me, took me in and nursed me, and here I staid nine days and nights, until I was well enough to push on my way to New England. Well, Miss Hannah, how many more children are there of you? you must excuse my curiosity. Every thing about the descendants of Josiah Meeker cannot but be very interesting to me."

Miss Hannah told him that there was no other son than Josiah; but that she had three sisters, Mary, Phebe Grummond and Sarah. The old maid paid especial attention to the names of all the children of his Revolutionary host, and requested her to repeat them several times. He expressed much regret that the shortness of the time he could tarry at the cottage would not permit him to wait for the return of the absentees, to whom he charged their sister Hannah to deliver for him many assurances of affection for their father's sake. Before leaving, however, he gave her a short narrative of the adventures and success of his past life, between his first and present visit to the cottage. After laboring in a subordinate condition for some years he at last acquired means to establish a public house in one of the villages of New England. He had removed his residence two or three times, and under the smiles of a benign Providence he was now partaking of the comfort of easy circumstances and a pleasant home, in the State of Rhode Island.

A week after he had left a package arrived from New York, addressed to Josiah Meeker, Esq. When opened it was found to contain half a dozen large silver table spoons, with handles of beautifully chased work. On each one was the name of the donor "*Elihu Fish to*"—one was *to* "Hannah," one *to* "Sarah," one *to* "Phebe," (Mrs. Grummond) and one *to* "Mary." But as there needed one more person to correspond with the number of the spoons, two of them bore the inscription of "Elihu Fish to Josiah Meeker."

Had the children been consulted by *their* new, and their father's old friend, they would perhaps have preferred a pitcher or bowl containing the same amount of metal, inscribed as a token of grateful remembrance to the descendants of their father. Yet the gift of the spoons was full proof of the truth of the story, which they now heard for the first time. And in this light, they will be kept and cherished by the posterity and worthy representatives of a veteran of the American Revolution.—*Baltimore American.*

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* Our impression is, that a part of the time there was also a British camp on the main land side of the channel.

From the Magazines.

PARTING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Yon slender boy his bark hath launched
On life's deceitful tide;
His balmy years of childhood o'er,
He goes without a guide
Amid the stir and strife of men
His devious course to run,
The tempter and the snare to hide—
God bless the widow's son.

He turneth from the pleasant door,
And from the garden fair,
Where with his little spade he wrought
Beneath a mother's care—
He bears his head like manhood high,
Yet tears their course will run,
When on his stranger-bed he rests—
God bless the widow's son.

Ye say he goeth forth alone
To dare the eventful field—
No, no! a spell is round him thrown,
More firm than diamond shield—
A mournful mother's fervent prayer!
So, till his life is done,
Till time, and toil, and change are o'er—
God bless the widow's son.

THE CURATE; OR, HOPES.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

I always had a peculiar method of travelling with the least possible distress along the stony road of life; although, in a physical as well as in a moral sense, I generally walked barefoot. I hoped! hoped on from day to day, from morn to even, at evening for the next morning; in autumn for spring, in spring for autumn; from one year to another; and thus I had hoped away almost thirty years of my life's journey, without feeling severely any of my troubles, except the want of good boots. I consoled myself under this calamity when in the open air; but when introduced to respectable company I was tormented with a desire of setting my heels foremost, because they were best covered with leather. I ought to confess, too, that I felt my poverty still more when, in the huts of misery, I could give no better comfort than friendly words. But I comforted myself like thousands beside, with a hopeful glance at fortune's rolling wheel, and the philosophical observation, "Time will bring good counsel."

When I was curate under a country clergyman, with scanty pay and mean fare, I felt a sudden thrill when a letter from one of my acquaintances, gave me the information that my uncle P., a merchant in Stockholm, personally unknown to me, lay at the point of death, and, under a sudden attack of family affection, had expressed a desire to behold his good-for-nothing nephew.

And now see the thankful nephew, with a little lean bundle under his arm, and a million of rich hopes in his breast, seated upon a most uncomfortable stiff-necked market cart, jogging along, up hill and down hill, to the capital!

At the tavern where I alighted, I ventured to order a little, only a very little breakfast—just a slice of bread and butter and two eggs. My landlord and a fat gentleman walked to and fro in the room and chatted. "I must say," said the fat gentleman, "this wholesale tradesman P., who died yesterday, was a rascal."

"Ha, ha," thought I, "but a rascal who had plenty of gold. Harkye friend, (to the waiter,) can you bring me a slice of roast beef, or whatever meat you have, to make me more substantial fare here. A dish of soup would not be amiss; but quick, if you please!" "Yes," said my landlord, "it is heavy—thirty thousand dollars, and bankstock beside! No one in the town would have believed it—thirty thousand!" "Thirty thousand!" I inwardly ejaculated in my joyous soul. "Harkye, waiter! give me, as soon as you can, thirty thousand—no, no—a pint of wine, I mean;" and all my pulses were beating merily to the tune of "thirty thousand!"

"Ah!" said the fat gentleman, "and would you believe that among his debts is one of five thousand dollars? There stand his creditors clenching their fists; for all his furniture is worth but a few pence, and outside his door they find for their comfort—his calash!"

"Aha, that's another thing!" said I to myself. "Here, waiter, take away the beef, the soup and the wine. I must not taste them: for what have I been doing all the morning but eating!" "You have ordered them," said the waiter. "Friend," said I, scratching out an apology just behind my ear, "it was an error; I ordered them for a rich gentleman, as I supposed, who is now as poor as myself, I find, and will never be able to pay for them; but you shall have the money for the eggs and bread and butter I have eaten, as well as something to drink for your trouble." So saying, and slipping a trifle more than the charge into his hand, I left the tavern, with a wounded heart and unappeased stomach, to seek for cheap lodgings, and to study means of raising money.

This violent collision between my hopes and the reality had given me a headache; but when I met, during my street wandering, a gentleman decked with bands and stars, but with a faded face and wrinkled brow, and saw a young nobleman whom I had known at the University of Upsal, walking as if the weight of age and "tædium vitæ" would bring him down upon his nose, I lifted up my head, took a deep inspiration of the air, (which, unfortunately for me, was just there strongly scented with sausages cooking,) and felt the happiness of poverty with a pure heart!

In a remote street I found a little chamber to let, which suited better my present condition than my hopes two hours before.

I had gained leave to spend the winter in Stockholm; "and now," thought I, "what is to be done?" To let my spirits sink was the worst way possible; to put my hand in my bosom, and look up to heaven was not much better. "The sun breaks out when we least expect him," said I, while the heavy autumnal clouds were sinking down over the town. I resolved to do my utmost to gain some more comfortable prospect for the future, than my stay with the country pastor afforded me, and at last I fixed upon seeking employment as a copyist.

Then I spent many days in fruitless endeavors to find ears that were not deaf to my applications, and then in the breast-burdening toil of copying out the empty productions of empty heads. My dinners became more and more economical; but my hopes continued to rise until an evening, from which, in my calendar, I date a new era with a cross. My landlord had just left me to my meditations, with the comfortable observation, as a text, that to-morrow I must pay down my quarter's rent, unless I *preferred* (quite French politeness) making another tour of discovery about the streets.

It was an indescribably cold November's evening, and I had just returned from visiting a house of sickness, where I had, perhaps imprudently, emptied my purse, when I was greeted with this amiable salutation.

I trimmed my sleepy, dim-burning lamp with my fingers, and then looked about my little dingy looking chamber for plans of making money.

"Diogenes was *worse* accommodated," I sighed, as I pulled my lame table away from the window, for the wind and rain seemed unwilling to stay outside. At the same moment, my glance fell upon a cheerfully glowing fire, in an opposite kitchen. "Oh, cooks, you have a glorious lot among mortals!" thought I, while with some secret pleasure I watched the well-nourished dame, who stood like an empress amid the pots and stew-pans, surrounded with the glory of the fire, and swaying the tongs as a sceptre over her glowing dominions.

On a higher floor I had a view through the window, covered with no envious blind, of a gaily illumined chamber, where a numerous family were assembled round a tea-table. I was stiff in every limb with cold and damp, and how empty that part of my animal economy, which may be styled the magazine, was that evening, I will not say; but—"Merciful Heaven!" thought I, "if that pretty maiden, who is just now reaching a cup of tea to the stout gentleman upon the sofa, who seems too heavily replenished to rise from his seat, would but put out her fair hand a little farther this way, and could——with a thousand thankful kisses—how foolish! The fat gentleman takes the cup, and dips his bun in the tea so deliberately—'tis enough to make one cry! And now that pretty maiden is caressing him! I wonder if he is her papa or her uncle; or, perhaps, enviable mortal!—but no, that cannot be; he is, at least, forty years older than she!"

"*That* must be his wife surely; that elderly lady who sits beside him on the sofa, and to whom the fair maiden just now offers a platter of cakes. But to whom does she offer them now? One ear and a part of a shoulder is all that projects beyond the rim of a window. How long he keeps the gentle girl waiting his pleasure! but it must be a lady—no gentleman would behave so!—or it may be her brother. Ah! see his great fist thrust into the biscuit-basket, a rude lout! but, perhaps, he was hungry. Now she turns to the two little girls, her sisters, most likely, and gives them all that Mr. One-ear has left behind. As for herself, she seems to take no more of the tea than I do, except its fragrance. But what a movement suddenly takes place in the room! The old gentleman starts up from the sofa: the one eared gentleman rushes forward, and gives the gentle maiden a rude shock (a dromedary as he is!) that impels her against the tea-table, and makes the old lady, who was just rising from the sofa, sit down again. The children skip about and clap their hands; the door opens; in comes a young officer; the maiden throws herself into his arms! Aha! there I have it!" I dashed to my window-shutter, so that it cracked; and sat down, wet with the rain, and with trembling knees, upon my stool.

"What had I to do staring through the window? This comes of curiosity!"

Eight days before, this family had returned from the country into the fine house opposite, and all this time I had never inquired who they were. What business had I, this evening, to be prying into their circle! What good could it do me!

I was in a sorry mood, and felt something of heart-heaviness; but, according to my resolution never to yield to despondency, I set about a description of domestic happiness, of that happiness which I had never tasted! Said I, as I breathed upon my stiffened fingers, "Am I then the first who has sought in the hot-house of imagination a pleasing warmth which the hard world of realities denies us! Six dollars for a load of pine-wood; ay, you will not have them till December. I will write!"

"Happy, thrice happy is the family in whose close and warm circle no heart feels lonely in its joy nor in its sorrows; no glance, no smile remains unanswered; where the members daily say to each other, not in mere words, but in their actions, your cares, your joys, your fortunes, are also mine!"

"Beautiful is the quiet, peaceful house, which closes its protecting walls around the pilgrim through life, which collects around its friendly, gleaming hearth, the old grandsire, leaning upon his staff, the manly husband, the amiable wife, and their happy children, who close the day of sport and enjoyment with hearty thanksgiving, while the mother chants to them a little song, telling how,—

'Angels their vigils keep
Around the bed
And o'er the head
Of innocence asleep.'"

Here I had to stop; for something like a drop of rain fell upon my cheek, and I could not see my paper clearly.

"How many," thought I, as my thoughts, against my will, took a melancholy turn, "how many are doomed to know nothing of this happiness!" For a moment I considered myself in the only looking-glass I had in my chamber, that of *truth*, and then with gloomy feelings I wrote on,—"Unhappy surely is the desolate one, who, in the cold and dreary moments of life, (which come so often,) can rest on no faithful bosom, whose sighs are unanswered, to whose complaint no voice replies, 'I understand you; I sympathize with you!' He is depressed: no one raises his drooping head! He weeps: no one regards it! He goes away: no one follows him! He comes: no one hastens to meet him! He sleeps: no one watches over him! He is *alone!* Why does he not die? Ah! who would mourn over him? How cold the grave which no warm tear of love bedews. He is lonely in the winter's night. For him earth has no flowers, and dimly burn the lights of Heaven. Why wanders he here alone? Why does he not flee as a shadow to the land of shadows! Ah! he still *hopes*. A pauper, he begs for happiness, and hopes, in the eleventh hour, that some friendly hand will bestow it." It was my own situation that I described.

Early robbed of my parents—without brother, sister, friends and relatives, I stood so lonely and desolate in the world, that, but for a strong confidence in Heaven, and a naturally cheerful disposition, I should have sought an escape from such an existence. Hitherto, more from instinct than philosophy, I had habitually suppressed all earnest longings for a happier state of life than that which surrounded me; but lately, other thoughts had been gaining power over me, and, especially this evening, I felt an unutterable desire for a friend, for one whom I might love; in short, for a bosom companion—a wife—one with whom I might feel myself a king, even in the meanest hut! But I remembered, as involuntarily I shuddered with cold, that all my love, in such circumstances as the present, could not prevent my wife, if I had one, from being frozen or starved to death. More depressed than ever, I arose from my stool, and paced up and down in my little boundary. The oppressive feeling of my situation followed me like my shadow on the wall; and, for the first time in my life, I was *quite* disheartened, and cast a gloomy glance upon the future.

"But what in the world," I exclaimed earnestly to myself, "will all this dull pondering avail?" Again I tried to loosen myself from the anxious thoughts that plagued me. "If but one Christian soul would only come to see me, whoever it might be, friend or foe—any visiter would be welcome to break this dismal solitude. Yes, if one from the world of spirits would open the door, he should be welcome. What was that? Three knocks at the door? I'll not believe my senses—Three knocks again!" I went and opened the door. Nobody was there; but the wind howled along the staircase. Hastily I closed the door, put my hands in my pockets, and continued my parade, humming to keep up my courage. In a few moments I heard something like a sigh. I stopped and listened. Again I heard distinctly a sigh, and that so deep and sorrowful, that with considerable emotion I called out, "Who is there?" No answer was returned. I stood for a moment to study what all this could mean, when a frightful noise, as if a host of cats were coming screaming down stairs, ending with a heavy thump against my door, made me decided for action. I took up my glimmering light, but, in the moment that I opened the door, it expired, or was blown out. A gigantic white figure hovered before me, and I felt myself suddenly grasped by two powerful arms. I cried out for help, and struggled so hard, that my antagonist fell to the ground with me; but I happened to be uppermost. Like an arrow I bounded up, and would have run, but stumbled over something—Heaven knows what—I believe somebody had seized my feet: again I fell to the ground, struck my head against the corner of the table, and lost my senses, with a sound like loud laughter ringing in my ears.

When I opened my eyes again, they encountered a dazzling glare. I closed them again, and listened to a distracting noise that hovered around me. Again I opened them, and tried to distinguish and recognize some of the objects about me, which seemed so new and wonderful, that I suddenly feared I had lost my senses. I lay upon a sofa, and—no, I was not deluded! the beautiful maiden who had hovered before my imagination all the evening, now *really* stood before me, with a heavenly expression of sympathy, and bathed my head with vinegar! A young man, whose face seemed familiar to me, stood and held my hand. I saw also the fat old gentleman and another thin gentleman, and next I discovered the lady, the children, and the paradise of the tea-table glimmering in a sort of twilight distance; in short, by some inconceivable humor of fortune, I found myself in the midst of the very family which I had, an hour before, contemplated with such interest!

As I recovered my faculties, the military young man enfolded me in his arms. "Do you not know me again?" said he, while I sat still as if petrified. "Have you forgotten Augustus, whose life you saved not long ago, at the risk of your own? whom you fished out of the water, at the risk of remaining to keep company with fishes yourself? See, here are my father, my mother, and my sister Wilhelmina." I pressed his hand. Then, with a smart blow with his fist upon the table, the father exclaimed, "And because you have saved my son's life, and you are an honorable fellow, that can suffer hunger to afford food to others, I declare you shall have the benefice at H——. I—I have the patronage, you understand!" For a while I was bereft of the power of thought and speech; and, amid all the explanations that were given, there was only one thing that impressed itself clearly on my mind—that Wilhelmina was *not*—that Wilhelmina *was* the *sister* of Augustus!

He had, that evening, returned from a journey, during which, in the preceding summer, I had enjoyed the happiness of saving his life. Previous to this accident, I had only drunk with him in the brotherhood of the University. He had related to his family, with all the enthusiasm of youth, my good service in his behalf, and all that he knew of me besides. His father, who had a benefice in his gift, and (as I afterwards learned) had glanced with pity, sometimes, through the window upon my scanty table, had resolved, at the request of his son, to raise me from the lap of poverty to the summit of happiness. Augustus, in his delight, would make this resolution instantly known to me; and, in his love of a practical joke, he approached my chamber in the style already described; the consequence of which, for me, was my wound upon the temple and my translation across the street out of darkness into light! A thousand times has the good youth begged forgiveness for his indiscretion, and as many times have I assured him that the benefice of H. would prove a balsam strong enough to cure a deeper wound! Astonished was I to find that the ear and shoulder of the gentleman who at tea-time was the subject of my splenetic observations belonged to no one less than my patron. The stout gentleman was Wilhelmina's uncle.

The kindness and cheerfulness of my new friends made me soon feel at home and happy. The old people treated me as if I was their child, and the young people admitted me to all the privileges of a brother. After I had received two cups of tea from the hand of Wilhelmina, I arose to take my leave of the family for the night. All invited me to stay; but I determined to spend my first happy night in my old lodging, and there to offer thanks to the Guide of my destiny. Augustus attended me to my resting-place. There my landlord stood in the chamber, between the overthrown stool and table, with an aspect something between rain and sunshine. One side of his mouth was screwed up to his ear with an attempt at a smile, while the other was drawn down to his chin with suspicion; his eyes followed the same directions, and his whole face seemed seized with a cramp, until Augustus requested him to leave us alone, and then his countenance dissolved into a smile of the grinning species.

Augustus was most earnestly indignant at the sight of my table, my stool, and my bed, and talking of whipping my landlord for his extortion. I was compelled to assure him that I would change my lodgings on the coming day. When my friend had left me, I spent some time in meditating upon this change in my fortunes, and thanked God heartily for it. Then my thoughts ran away to my pastoral charge, and Heaven only knows with how many fat oxen, with what flowers, and fruits, and trees, I replenished my paradise, where I wandered with my Eve, and how many richly edified souls I saw streaming out of my church. I baptized, I confirmed, I betrothed the dear children of my pastorate, and forget none but the funeral ceremonies.

At last, beyond midnight, I closed my eyes, and gave up my thoughts to the wild powers of dreamery. Then I preached with a loud voice in my church; while my congregation would persist in sleeping. After divine service, my congregation came out of the church transformed into sheep and oxen, bleating and lowing at me when I reproved them. I tried to lead my wife away; but could not separate her from a great turnip-plant that grew, and grew, till it covered both our heads. Then I tried to climb up to heaven upon a ladder; but potatoes, grass, tares, and peas, entangled my feet, and hindered every step. At last I saw myself walking upon my head among my possessions; and as I wondered how this could be, I fell more soundly asleep. Yet I must have continued my pastoral dream; for in the morning I woke myself at the end of a long sermon, by saying "Amen!" I had some trouble to convince myself that the events of the preceding evening did not belong to my dreams, until Augustus made his appearance, and invited me to be with his family at noon.

The pastorate, Wilhelmina, the family into which I had entered; the new hopes of the future that now glittered in the sunshine of the present; all filled me with joy to be felt, not described!

From the depth of a thankful heart, I hailed the new life dawning upon me with a resolution, whatever might come, *to do the best, and hope for the best in every case!*

Two years after that happy dinner, I sat, one autumn evening, in my snug parsonage, beside the fire. Close to me sat my dear wife, my Wilhelmina, and span. I was about to read to her the sermon I had prepared for the next Sunday, and which I *hoped* would prove very edifying to my congregation. As I turned over the manuscript, a loose leaf fell out. It was the very paper upon which, just two years previous to that evening, I had written down my thoughts on domestic happiness, in a situation, apparently, so far away from everything of the kind. I showed *it* to my wife. She read it, and smiled through her tears; then, with an arch expression which is, I believe, peculiar to *herself*, she took up my pen and wrote on the *other* side of the leaf as follows:—

"The author can now, I hope, give a picture of his situation quite a contrast to that on the reverse. Now, he is no longer lonely, no more forsaken and desolate. His gentlest sigh is answered; his most intimate sorrows are shared with his wife. He goes; her heart follows him. He comes; she hastens to meet him with a smile. His tears are wiped away by her hand, and his smiles are reflected upon her face. She plucks flowers to strew his path. He has a flock dear to him; several devoted friends; and he counts as his relatives all who are destitute. He loves; he is beloved. He has the power to make men happy; he is happy."

Truly has my Wilhelmina painted my present situation; and, inspired with feelings cheerful and bright as sunbeams in spring, I send forth my hopes to delight themselves in the future.

I *hope* that my sermon for next Sunday will be useful to my people; and though some of the careless ones may be fast asleep, I hope that will not be allowed to disturb my temper. For my coming children, I have hopes prepared. If I have a son, I *hope* he may prove my successor; if a daughter, oh, I have *hopes* for her!

I hope, in the course of a little time, to find a publisher for my sermons.

I hope to live many years with my wife.

We, that is Wilhelmina and myself, hope during the time to dry many tears, and for ourselves, to shed as few as may fall to the lot of children of the earth such as we are.

We hope that neither of us will long survive the other.

Lastly, we hope, that we shall always be able to hope while here; and, when all the hopes of this green earth must vanish away before the light of eternal certainties, then we hope our Good Father will pronounce a mild judgment upon his humble and hopeful children.

A LONDON BREWERY.

The Boston Chronicle has a correspondent abroad, who, whatever he may like, it is evident does not like beer. In many of his letters are interesting and graphic passages. The following will give a better idea of the famous Whitbread Brewery than almost any other description which we have ever seen.

"It is a city in itself; a congregation of many dingy masses of confined architecture, a place of the utmost convenience for Deacon Giles's devils. There are steam engines,* mills for grinding malt, mash tubs—little utensils holding only a few hundred barrels, in which they stir up the broth of stupidity—coppers to brew in, large enough to cook an elephant's soup, in which they might swim a dozen elephants whole, once heated by the fires underneath, but now by high steam, generated in a series of seven boilers, all of which are kept far more than boiling hot by the trifle of 4,000 tons of coal per annum. Here are fermenting vats, and bins, and tubs. We were shown into one of the fermenting rooms, which was arranged to resemble a church.

It would hold 2,000 full grown Christian people, and I believe actually held ten times that number of evil spirits. The lofty galleries were filled with vats, in which the liquid was reeking and foaming with its filthy yeast, the first stage of its fermentation. The body of the house was full of tubs as big as a couple of hogsheads each, arranged along aisles, boarded up half way to catch the spume. So all this mighty congregation of hogsheads, with a broad lip stuck out from the top of each, were spewing over into these aisles. When this process arrives at a certain stage, the liquid is drawn off into a room below, and bunged up for use. In another room we were shown much larger vats, in which the process was commencing. They held from 500 to 1,000 barrels. Our party of some twenty souls, men, women and children, stood on the upper head of one of them, and looked down through a glass skylight into the fermented liquor below.

We passed into the cooperage, where the barrels and butts are made, of solid oak staves, nearly two inches thick. We saw the storehouses of malt and hops. They consume here from 4 to 500,000 bushels of malt in a year, and how many tons of hops I have forgotten. But of the latter, on account of constant variations of price, they keep an immense supply on hand. The vast store-house was crowded with ranges of hop bales, fifteen or twenty feet high. The greatest wonder, however, was the building in which they store away their beer. To say nothing of its subterranean regions, in which there were long ranges of butts, and barrels, and kegs, ready to be carted off to supply customers, and where there was an invisible beer cistern sunk in the ground, said to contain 4,000 barrels; above ground, there were in one room eight iron-hooped, top and bottom, puncheons or tubs, standing on end, into each of which you might have let down a Boston four story house, and headed it in, chimneys standing! The capacity of each was 2,000 barrels, more or less, and the whole would hold 16,000 barrels, all under one roof, enough to sell for $130,000.

We also saw the stables of the mighty and monstrous horses that pull the enormous loads of beer through the streets. *They* are fat, and yet do not drink beer. Each has his name printed on japan, like a lawyer's shingle over his manger. And the names of all the horses that are bought in the same year begin with the same letter of the alphabet, so that the time they have had a horse may be known from his name. One of these animals costs from $250 to $300, and will eat up in the course of the year, I should think, a pretty considerable haymow. He is very deliberate and elephant-like in his motions, taking up and setting down his broad clumsy feet, which, from the enormous shaggy fetlocks, look like so many great street brooms, only once in a while. But when he does move, other things have to. The proprietor, who showed us round, made a point to tell us that they kept these horses even when old and unable to work, and did not part with them till they sold them as dead horses. What a pity that some of the *people* who drink their beer could not share the same comforts.

The proprietor told us that they brew 190,000 barrels per annum, the value of which is, at the lowest price, 32s. sterling per barrel, or $1,514,205 in our money at the present rate of exchange. So much for the fourth brewery in London. The temperance report congratulates us with a slight decrease in the consumption of malt throughout the kingdom, but almost none in London. How much of this decrease may be owing to temperance and how much to hunger, I don't know; but my heart dies within me to look at these breweries. They are more melancholy than even the gorged and reeking metropolitan grave yards. They are the grave yards of the brute.

* Once a curious old [illegible] by Whitbread.

Short Courtship.—Mr. William Walter Scott, late of Van Dieman's Land, whither he was sent for participation in the Canada War, and Miss Nancy Egbert, of Albany, were united in matrimony, by Justice Wentworth, at the Police Office, there, on Friday morning of last week. They first became acquainted with each other, about *fifteen minutes* before the ceremony was performed.

☞ The receipts at the Custom House for last week amounted to the enormous sum of nine hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, (975,000) exceeding, by one hundred and fifty thousand dollars (150,000) those of any previous week.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the *Ladies'* National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We find by the conversation of our mercantile and manufacturing friends, that the Fall business has already made a good commencement. Many strangers from distant points are already in the city, and handsome bills of goods have been disposed of. As the summerers at watering and bathing places turn their countenances homeward, they will take the great marts in their way, and conclude the campaign of pleasure with an appendix of business. It is noticeable that summers during which most travelling takes place, are usually followed by autumns of most activity in commerce. It is the hope of this ability and opportunity to invest funds, or employ credit successfully in the Fall, which encourages fathers and husbands to spend money liberally in the Summer; and it is not to be gainsayed, we believe, that many of our wandering citizens look to acquaintances made at the Capes and at the Springs, as prospective customers. Many an incipient bargain, we'll be bound, begun at these haunts of pleasure, is waiting its time to mature into extensive trade. Well, human nature, as was sagaciously observed by the venerable and sententious Thomas Stapleton, is—human nature.

But mere mercantile bargains are not the only ones commenced at the summer haunts—and *apropos des belles*, we notice that some crusty bachelor correspondent of the New York Commercial intimates hard things about some of the stereotype beauties who haunt the Springs. It would seem that they come forward with too much sedulousness, and too little caution, in the spirit of "advances made," and are too open in their invitation of "consignments solicited." Freedom from conventional restraint, is one of the charms of the summer pleasure residence, but it is gravely set forth that there may be too much freedom; and that the lady who, season after season, accepts the arms of successive sets of flutterers, may never be troubled with a request for her hand. We dare say this may accord with the experience of many a belle, the burden of whose plaintive song now is:

> Why don't the men propose, mamma,
> Why *don't* the men propose?

All which we submit to the ladies—while we read the cynics a short lecture. It is notorious, we believe, that those of the rude sex who most lament how carelessly the ladies lavish their attentions, are themselves seldom burthened with the task of repelling a lady's advances against their hands and hearts. Like Reynard in the fable, they are brought by lack of personal experience to pronounce the grapes sour. Some of them, however, are of another class. Terribly literal in their interpretations, they regard the commonest evidence of good breeding, and the simplest manifestation of natural politeness, as efforts made with malice prepense to entrap them; and regard ladies as having designs upon them, while those ladies are innocent, not merely of any intention, but also of any desire or thought to catch *such* admirers. Women are vain in their way. Men, too, are vain in theirs; and if a choice *must* be made, give us rather vanity in a charming woman than in a whiskered man. In the first case—

> Whatever errors to her share may fall,
> Look on her face—and you forgive them all.

In the latter you feel an almost irresistible inclination to break the peace. A coxcomb is certainly the animal in nature,* which most tempts a man of sense to take the same trouble that John Randolph of Roanoke professed himself willing to take in compliment to a sheep.

Election returns come in—not as yet full—but still full enough to enable the reader to determine with sufficient exactness general results. Our local politics are yet somewhat in uncertainty. The wisest can yet hardly determine what will be the effect of the third party upon our local elections, or how much strength will be brought into the field by the "Native Americans," as a distinct organization.

The uncertainty of human purposes and expectations has been brought home to the public mind by the sudden and unexpected death of one of the candidates for the Gubernatorial chair, Hon. H. A. Muhlenberg. In another place the reader will find a notice of his life and character. In that connection decorum forbade any speculation upon the political changes and chances which the melancholy event involves; but here there is no impropriety in saying that the unusual exigency will undoubtedly be met by the nomination of Mr. Shunk; for whom many of the delegates voted in the convention by which Mr. Muhlenberg was nominated.

Our readers will find Mr. Herbert's Tale concluded in this day's paper; and with that conclusion our outside pages present also a goodly variety of interesting and useful reading. We are amply prepared to continue the generous rivalry which it is always our wish to keep up with competitors. Several tales of merit and interest are prepared to follow each other in regular succession, and by their illustrations of history, life and manners, to make the Post minister to the instruction of the mind and heart, while it amuses the head.

STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

A steamboat disaster occurred on Tuesday, on the Delaware River, nearly opposite Market street, by which two persons lost their lives, and others were badly scalded. The boat was the Portsmouth, Capt. Devoe, which had been recently brought round from New York, to run as an "opposition." It is stated that the boat is an old one; of this we cannot certainly speak, though the character of the accident shows the boiler to have been very defective.

The Portsmouth left Arch street wharf about 8 o'clock, having on board between forty and fifty passengers, for an excursion to Cape May and the Breakwater. The engine had not made more than a dozen revolutions, when a stay bolt on the inner side of one of the chimneys was forced out of its place, drawing with it a large piece of the boiler. Through this opening rushed a stream of water, which ascended up the pipe, and a considerable distance above the top of it—a large body of hot water and steam was forced upon the fire, and through the furnace entered the engine room, in which four men were standing, viz:—Isaac Anies, 1st Engineer, Edward Stevens, 2d Engineer, Gilbert Jackson, the colored cook, and Thos. Massey, an elderly man, and a passenger. These persons were instantly covered with the steam and cinders which came from the furnace with an appalling rapidity.

Mr. Stevens and Mr. Massey, being nearest to the boiler, were scalded in every part of their bodies, their clothing having became saturated with the steam. The former in his agony sprang out into the river, from which he was taken by some persons in a small boat. The others were much injured, but it is thought they will recover. They were all taken to the Hospital, where Mr. Stevens and Mr. Massey died during the afternoon. Several other persons were also slightly scalded.

The first indication of the affair, which was observed on deck, was the steam rushing upwards from the different passages. The passengers in great alarm retreated *en masse* to the aft part of the boat, and by this proceeding, avoided the fatal consequences, that otherwise would most probably have ensued. They remained in this situation until a ferry boat came alongside, and took them off, and then brought them back to the wharf.

An inquest was held at the Hospital, on the bodies of the deceased. The character of the chief engineer, was testified to as a careful, attentive and sober man; and the certificate required by the laws of the United States, was produced—that on the 17th of June, the boiler and engines were in good condition. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

All the sufferers except Mr. Massey, belong to New York. Mr. M. was an enterprising farmer of Delaware County, and had a large circle of friends in this city, as he formerly resided here, in business. He was sixty-four years old, and is highly spoken of by those who knew him. Mr. Stevens, the engineer who was killed, was forty-seven years old, an Englishman by birth, and has left a wife and family in New York.

DEATH OF
MR. MUHLENBERG.

On Sunday last, a verbal report was circulated, to which the hopes of our citizens induced to give but partial credence. It was, that the Hon. H. A. Muhlenberg, the candidate of one of the great political parties, for the highest office in the State, had been attacked with apoplexy, and was no more.

Subsequent accounts, however, soon confirmed the rumor. The circumstances of his death were substantially as follows—the first rumor only anticipating the hour of his decease. On Saturday he passed the evening with a few friends, at his own mansion, in Reading, and after they left him, seated himself at his front door to enjoy, for a short time, the cool air of the evening; as was his usual custom. When found, at about 11 o'clock, he had fallen forward upon the steps, insensible; and although life lingered with him until 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the next day, (Sunday) when he expired, he uttered no word from the time of the attack.

Mr. Muhlenberg was born at Lancaster, Lancaster county, Pa., in 1782, and was, therefore, at the time of his decease, in his sixty-third year. He was born, as our readers are well advised, of a family whose name is closely connected with the provincial and revolutionary history of this country. One of his uncles was Gen. Peter Muhlenberg, distinguished both for his services as a soldier, and as a statesman, filling many civil offices by election and appointment. The second brother, Frederic Augustus Muhlenberg, was a member of the Continental Congress, and Speaker of the First Congress, under the new Constitution; and the third brother, Henry Ernestus Muhlenberg, was compelled to fly from his parochial duties, as a Lutheran Clergyman, in this city, by the arrival of the British, who had threatened him with a halter. The remainder of his life was spent in the pursuit of the natural sciences, and he was well known in Europe and America, as the author of valuable works upon the science of botany. In 1780 he removed to Lancaster, where he died in 1815, and where, as already stated, the late Hon. Henry A. Muhlenberg was born, in 1782.

Mr. Muhlenberg, like his grandfather, father, and uncles, was educated for the church, but in 1827, in consequence of feeble health, resigned his office in the ministry, with the intention to devote himself to agriculture. He had resided, since 1802, in Reading, Berks Co. But he was not permitted to remain in retirement, and at the earnest solicitation of his friends, consented, in 1828, to become a candidate to Congress. He was elected twice from the district of Berks, Schuylkill, and Lehigh; and afterward three times from Berks, when that county was erected into a separate Congressional District. He remained in Congress ten years, acting always with the party which elected him, and that not as a mere follower, but oftener among the leaders in the prominent measures of the Democratic party. To go into the history of votes and movements upon questions, many of which are still open, would be to enter upon themes not fitted for our columns. Suffice it to say, that he commanded the respect of all parties, and his personal friendship was highly prized by men of all political creeds.

In 1837, upon the inauguration of Mr. Van Buren, as President, Mr. Mulenberg was tendered the Embassy to Russia, and the Secretaryship of the Navy, both of which offices he declined. In 1838, he was appointed Minister to Austria—and in the Spring of that year, sailed upon his mission. He was the first Minister from this country to Vienna; and at that Court, his high character and talents, his urbane manners and address, and his thorough acquaintance with the German language and literature, made a most favorable impression of our young Republic upon the Austrian Government and nation.

On his return to his residence, in 1840, he was received with a burst of enthusiasm marking ardent personal friendship as much as political preference. There he resided until his death, in the enjoyment of a handsome fortune, the principal pleasure of which, to him, was in the ability it afforded for active and efficient benevolence and charity. His education was classical and thorough—and in German Literature, particularly, he has not left behind him his superior in this country. He wrote and spoke that language with great purity and ease; and his library, one of the finest in the country, is especially well stocked in the department of German Literature.

His mind was well balanced, without being remarkable for brilliancy; and his purposes, the result of conviction and prudence, were pursued with an unyielding and invariable perseverance. Whatever any party may have said or thought of the abstract character of his political opinions, his personal integrity and honesty were universally admitted. To the ardent friendship of many, the respect and general well wishes of all were united, and Mr. M. has gone down to the grave universally honored and lamented.

He has left two sons and a daughter, and a large circle of relatives to mourn his loss; and his immediate neighbors and acquaintances, some of whom have been his companions for over forty years, while others have grown to manhood in his esteem, honoring him as children, respecting him as youths, and loving him as men—will feel as if indeed they had lost a friend, and a brother.

His funeral took place in Reading, on Wednesday, in the burial ground of the German Lutheran Church. The attack of apoplexy of which he died, was the third of the same disease; and the death of his father took place from the same cause.

LOCKJAW.

We notice two or three recent cases of this terrible disease. One was in Boston, resulting from an injury comparatively slight, received in an angry scuffle. The other is that of Mr. Norman Fox, late clerk of Sampson & Co., of New York. On Tuesday week he struck his nose against the bottom of a floating bath-house, in diving. The blow was severe, but after the pain passed away, he experienced no particular inconvenience from it. On the next Friday he felt some stiffness of the muscles about the neck and joints, and went home. The rigidity of the jaws, however, increased, in spite of all that could be done by the physician, and on Wednesday following he was pronounced incurable. He expired in convulsions on Thursday, a little over a week from the time of the accident. His reason and consciousness were retained to the last. From how many unexpected concealments does the "insatiate archer," aim his blows!

We notice yet another case. A lad named Caspar Albert, who was run over by a railroad car in this city, about two weeks since, died on Saturday last, at the Hospital, lockjaw having followed his injuries. This is a disease which baffles all attempts, even at alleviation; and its cure, when once it is seated, is not to be hoped for.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

We observe that the plan of forming an American Ocean Steamship Company, to navigate between New York and Liverpool, has been revived in our sister city—and with a fair prospect of success. It should be kept distinctly in mind that an American, James Smith, Esq., was the original projector of the Atlantic Steam project, while he was in England, and his labors in that country were the cause of the establishment of the line to which the Great Western originally belonged.

Mr. Smith and his brother Henry, Mayor Harper, and others, are busily at work in endeavoring to bring the new project to bear. Mayor Harper is one of the chief directors. We hope that our neighbors will bring something to pass—and that speedily; and if they consult the best modern improvements, and true American interests, the ships will be built of Pennsylvania iron. If good haste is not made by our neighbors, we shall send the first American iron steamer to Liverpool, from this port, with Loper propellers. Then there will be the cities of Philadelphia and Boston, holding direct intercourse, by steam, with Europe, while the village of New York, lying somewhere between those two places, must apply to first one, and then the other, "for freight or passage."

Since the above was in type, we see the statement made, that the New York Company propose to construct a steam packet of 2,000 tons, for the New York and European trade, at a cost of $300,000.

SWORD FISH.

The Boston Mercantile Journal states that large quantities of sword fish are annually taken on our coast, and disposed of as an article of food. One firm in Boston last year packed four hundred barrels. The Journal says also that one of these fish "was exhibited in Boston market a few days since, for sale, and was eagerly bought up—and pronounced by those who are good judges of good things, to be truly excellent."

Under favor we would inquire of our friend of the Journal if those same "*good judges*" are not men who have *good cooks* in their kitchens? There is no disputing the wonders that may be wrought by the culinary art. A good porridge may be made of a chip, with proper condiments, aids and appliances—but as to setting up the sword fish as *per se* as fit to eat, why—that will do to tell the marines. *We*, Capt. Sleeper, that is, *you* and *I* being old sailors, and judges of stowage, can depose that a little sword fish may make tolerable dunnage, to fill up the chinks in a cargo of belly timber—that is if one is right hungry. Farther we say not—except that were a good round shouldered cod, or a Kennebec salmon, or even a number one mackerel, on the same table with the *choicest* bit of a dry, coarse grained, yellow-white meat sword fish—under such circumstances, we *dew* say, that we *rather* guess, the editor of the Mercantile Journal would leave the sword fish to the "good judges," and satisfy his own piscatorial propensities upon other dishes.

A GREAT SUIT.

A case has just been decided in the U. S. District Court of New Orleans, which involved a large amount of property, and which in its decision restores long delayed justice. It appears that about thirty years ago, Claude Girod, dying in Louisiana, left his property to the administration of his two brothers. By skilful finesse, one brother, N. Girod, in a little while came into possession of the whole, leaving the real heirs minus. The owners, however, supposing that N. Girod would at least have the conscience to let the property revert to them at his death, allowed him to retain peaceable possession.

After his death, however, the heirs discovered that instead of the property descending to them, it was almost entirely absorbed by the different legacies which were bequeathed to the friends of the testator. They then immediately instituted suit for the recovery of the whole, as the property of Claude Girod. There were no less than twelve counsellors to represent the defendant, all of whom occupy a most prominent position in their profession; while the plaintiffs were only represented by two—Messrs. Janin and Benjamin. Judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiffs for the whole amount claimed; together with the fruits of the property, as well as the interest of all monies received.

"CAPTAIN KIDD'S SHIP."

Our readers have been advised that a company of persons in New York, have commenced operations, supposing that they have discovered the whereabouts of the sinking of Capt. Kidd's ship, one hundred and forty years ago, with gold and silver, and much jewellery. So far, the operations with diving bells, have brought up a gun or so, and some pieces of wood—but a dash of water colder than that of the Hudson, has been thrown on the golden hopes of the divers. It is said of the wreck of the vessel found, that persons may be living, at this day, who saw it born sixty-seven years ago, and who could now point out the spot where it sunk. It is probably the remains of one of the two American frigates destroyed on the night of the 6th of October, 1777, when Fort Montgomery was taken by the British, under the command of Gen. Sir Henry Clinton. An account of the loss of these vessels, written on the 9th of October, 1777, says: "We were under the disagreeable necessity of destroying Fort Constitution, after removing part of the stores, and of burning the Frigates Congress and Montgomery, to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands, the wind and tide being unfavorable to their moving farther up the river."

A METAMORPHOSE.

The Postmaster of New York has obtained a lease of the Middle Dutch Church, in Nassau street, between Liberty and Cedar, to be occupied as a Post Office, in lieu of the building in the Park. The church has been occupied as such for more than a hundred years, as it was opened in 1729. It is a commodious building, and should never have been changed from its original purpose. The rent paid is five thousand dollars per annum.

On Sunday evening the last religious ceremonies took place. Dr. Knox preached the sermon, and Dr. De Witt gave the benediction in English and Dutch, in the same words that it was given when the church was opened, in 1729, the period when it was built. The preacher remarked that there were but two families worshipping there who belonged to the old stock, that lived below Beekman street; all others had moved up town. It is to us painful to see all the old landmarks and all associations thus ruthlessly swept away by the spirit of change; and we do think that the "old stock" might have retained respect enough for their ancestors to have continued to visit the vicinity where they dwelt, once a week, even if the children have "moved up town."

"SPUNKY."

The Postmaster General by repeated suits, has induced Pomeroy & Co., to suspend their letter expresses in Western New York. But the citizens of Lockport do not like this. They have resolved, in meeting, to request the Railroads not to submit to Mr. W.'s orders against conveying Pomeroy's Agents, and have furthermore resolved, to send all the letters they can by private expresses. They desire their correspondents to do the same thing; and they resolve that they "will not, while these abuses continue, take letters from the mail sent to them from any of the points reached by the expresses, except in cases where they have good reason to think they will suffer materially in their interests by the omission." That proviso will take a great many letters out of the mail.

NEW PAPER.

We have seen the first number of a new daily paper, just commenced in Cincinnati, by Geo. O. Bartlett & Co., and edited by J. V. Loomis, Esq. Mr. Bartlett was recently a resident of this city, and a correspondent of several of the leading newspapers and magazines. He knows what a newspaper should be, and will make the "Morning Bulletin" such a periodical.

ELECTIONS.

North Carolina.—We have not yet complete returns from all the counties of this State—but those which remain to be heard from, some five or six, will swell the Whig majority. As the case now stands, the Whigs have a majority of thirty to thirty-one on joint ballot in the Legislature—four in the Senate, and the rest in the House. The Democratic candidate for Governor has gained from five to six hundred votes; but the Whig candidate has a majority of probably over three thousand.

Kentucky.—The election continued three days. The Whig Governor is elected by a majority of from eight to twelve thousand, and the Whig preponderance in the Legislature is maintained, if not increased.

Indiana.—As near as we can judge from conflicting accounts, the Democrats will have a majority of from two to four in the Senate, and the Whigs a majority in the House.

Illinois.—only one county heard from—and this, the strongest Democratic county in the State. It gives Mr. Wentworth, for Congress, a large majority.

Alabama.—Mr. Yancy, (Dem.) is elected by between two and three hundred majority to fill the place of Hon. D. H. Lewis.

ANOTHER OLD DRUMMER.

We spoke, last week, of Rufus Kingsley, of Hartford, Susquehanna county, Pa., as the sole surviving Bunker Hill drummer. But it appears that the old gentleman is not yet "alone in his glory." A correspondent of the New York True Sun gives an account of another—Mr. Daniel Jones, aged 91 years, who resides on a farm belonging to his son, in Morris Co., just below Stanhope, New Jersey. He was a drummer in the American army at that battle, and was wounded in the calf of the right leg during the conflict. He has been blind for 18 years, but continues to enjoy, as does his wife also, who is aged 70 years, the best health. The revolutionary veteran was a resident of Jersey City nearly twenty years before the steamboats commenced running—has been twice burnt out of house and home, and the roof of his dwelling burned over his head about six months ago. He is, however, still hale and hearty.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

The mine of Milne & Spencer, at Pottsville, was the scene of a terrible accident, on Friday night week. Three men, Henry Fox, Jonathan Nixon, and John Ricket, were buried three hundred feet below the surface. A body of water from an old mine rushed in, buried the three men in coal and earth, and instantly filled the mine. The accident is described by the Pottsville Journal as having been sudden and startling; the man at the engine, heard a rumbling, rushing noise; the engine stopped, and the buildings trembled as if convulsed by an earthquake—and in a minute all was quiet again. He attempted to descend into the mines, and found in them about three hundred feet of water. It will be at least two months before the water can be pumped out, and the rubbish removed. The three unfortunate men have all left families.

PENSIONS.

With many other papers, we were led into the partial statement, that a bill passed the last Congress continuing the pensions of certain widows. Such a bill did pass—but no appropriation was made in conformity with its provisions—until that is done, the bill is a nullity. The following is a copy of a circular from the pension office. It is much to be lamented that such an oversight occurred.

Sir.—It is proper that widows who are entitled to the benefits of the Act of June 17th, 1844, continuing certain pensions for four years longer, should be informed that Congress has made no appropriation for paying these pensions, and that, therefore, no payment can be expected before the latter end of December next.

ANOTHER WARNING.

The Coroner of New York, held an inquest last week, on the body of Andrew, aged 13 months, infant son of Mrs. Eliza Porter, whose mother, to keep it quiet, gave it, in the morning, an over dose of paragoric, through ignorance of its strength, from the effects of which it died in the afternoon. It is not sufficiently remembered that preparations, of which opium is a part, *gain strength* by the evaporation of the liquid, while the deadly base retains its properties. The dose of paragoric, freshly mixed, which may be delivered with impunity, would, if stale, be dangerous, if not deadly.

VINEGAR.

In publishing a "Thrilling Incident," a week or two since, in which vinegar was made the means of arresting the effect of an overdose of laudanum, we fell into an error, of which we are admonished from various quarters. Vinegar, instead of a remedial, would, it is said, prove a highly dangerous, if not fatal agent after opium. It is even stated, that when a Turk intends to commit suicide, and desires that the opium, to which his habits have accustomed him, should operate as a poison, he drinks a cup of vinegar, and this never fails of its intended purpose.

A CITY DESTROYED.

San Carlos, a port in the Island of Cuba, frequented by American whalers for the purpose of refitting, &c., has been the scene of a terrible conflagration. The fire broke out in its very centre, and before it could be subdued, destroyed two-thirds of the place. One hundred and fifty houses, comprising all the magazines of provisions, fell a prey to the flames. The unfortunate inhabitants, equally destitute of food and shelter, were compelled to abandon the ruins, and fly to the interior, to seek a refuge and means of subsistence.

COMING ELECTIONS.

In another part of to-day's paper will be found accounts, as far as received, of past elections. The following are the dates of the State elections which are yet to take place: Vermont, September the 3d; Maine, September the 9th. Seven States vote in October, namely: Maryland, October 2d, Georgia and Arkansas, October 7th; New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, October 8th, and South Carolina, October 14th. The Mississippi State election takes place on the 4th of November, and Delaware on the 12th.

MEXICO.

Intelligence from Mexico has been received to July 14th. An army of 15,000 men was in preparation to march against Texas, and was expected to reach Matamoras in November. The Congress had not fixed upon a plan for raising the four millions of dollars required for the war, but no doubt was entertained that the money would be obtained somehow. Great rejoicings took place on account of the rejection of the Texas Treaty by the Senate of the United States.

THE DELAWARE DIVISION.

This branch of our State Works, as the reader is aware, is to be sold, if at all, for twenty-five millions, and twenty millions of it must be taken, to make sale valid, in twenty business days, from the time that the books were opened. A fortnight has nearly passed—less than fifty shares, at $100 each, are sold, and the prospect looks very slight, indeed, for the sale of the works according to the terms of the act.

AUTHENTIC NEWS.

The Boston Daily Advertiser translates a curious item of intelligence, from the *Echo de l'Orient*, a Smyrna paper of the 27th of April. Under the head of "United States" that paper says: "The Presidential Election is decided. Mr. Van Buren has carried it. He received 91 votes, Mr. Johnson, 36, and Mr. Cass, 1. Col. Johnson has been raised to the Vice Presidency."

NEW JERSEY.

The election for the adoption or rejection of the new Constitution, took place last Tuesday. We have few returns; and these seem to indicate a large majority of a small vote, in favor of the instrument.

NEW ORLEANS.

The yellow fever has made its appearance in New Orleans, but the two cases which have occurred and proved fatal are said to have originated at Vera Cruz.

CORRECTION.

In our last appeared a statement, that a decision had been made by which the Naturalization papers taken out in the New York Marine Court, are invalidated. It appears, however, that such is not the case. Though the Marine Court is not in all senses a "Court of Record," still it is such a Court for many purposes, and among them, for that of Naturalization.

HATS ON!

In our last, we stated that Mr. Barrett, the new Collector of New Orleans, had got into difficulty by insisting that all who did business in the Custom House, should do it with hats off. By later advices, we learn that he has now rescinded the order, and that those who choose may transact business with hats on. The country, we presume, is safe now.

UNJUST.

Married men are taxed in Jersey $1.25—unmarried men $1.95. This is exceedingly unjust. The single monsters should be taxed $3.20—the married men not at all. They are fulfilling their destinies—and it is unjust to ask them to fill the public coffers, too. Bachelors should pay all the taxes, everywhere.

THE FIRST SHIPMENT.

One hundred bales of North River hay, have been purchased in New York, for shipment to Great Britain. This, says the Shipping List, is, we believe, the first shipment of hay ever made to Great Britain from this country. To France, parcels have been sent occasionally for a year or two past.

CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Central Committee have called a Convention for the 2d of September, to make a nomination for Governor, in place of Hon. Henry A. Muhlenberg, deceased.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, July 18, 1844.

There has been a very curious trial here, in which one of the defendants is tolerably known in the United States. The affair came off last week, and occupied the Court of Queen's Bench for two days. It appears that Lord Ashburton, Mr. F. Baring and Mr. Mildmay, all of them members of the great house of Baring & Co., were charged with a conspiracy to ruin the credit and injure the property of Mr. Kinder, by procuring an act of the Legislature of Mexico, to nullify a contract in which the said Mr. Kinder was engaged. In 1825, it was stated that Mr. Francis Baring, then travelling in Mexico, agreed, in conjunction with the representatives of Mr. Kinder's house, in Mexico, to take a large tract of land, (800,000,000 acres,) extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans. Subsequently, the houses of Messrs. Baring & Co. and Kinder & Co., were dissatisfied with the purchase, and desired to annul the contract—and Lord Ashburton recommended that the Mexican Legislature be applied to—to procure a nullification of the contract. Money, it is said, was paid to certain *patriotic* Mexican Legislators, and the contract annulled, accordingly. But before the whole difficulty was settled, Mr. Kinder changed his mind, and wished to keep the land; and therefore brought an action against the Messrs. Baring & Co., for having finally given it up without his consent. The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" against the defendants.

The Government is attempting to pass a bill through Parliament, for the purpose of regulating railways, and charges on railways. One feature of the Bill is, that the stockholders shall not divide more than 10 per cent. per annum—and if the profits yield more, the fares are to be reduced. The bill is much opposed. A new comet has been discovered in the constellation Hercules. It has been seen both from Paris and London—but is not visible to the naked eye. It appeared to be travelling towards the sun; and it is thought that little or nothing more will be seen of the celestial stranger.

The Bank of England possesses the enormous amount of £15,898,000 in bullion! In my last I said something about the prevailing fashions, and have since had an oportunity of extracting the following from a letter: "The mourning (in Paris) for the Duke d'Angoulême, and the departures for the country, leave little to say in the way of fashionable novelty; indeed it may be said at present, that all styles prevail, and that no one bears unrivalled sway. Thus, in the same *salon*, or on the same promenade, one sees *sleeves à la religieuse*, a la Louis XIII., a la Amadis, a la Tarque, a la Chinoise, a la Sevigne, a la Fontagne. In some the arm is tightly imprisoned, in others, it is at liberty, while in others again, it is roundness and bareness to within a hand's breadth of the shoulder." I observe, also, that gentlemen's coats are made with very large sleeves, skirts and lappets. Waistcoats of Scotch plaid are all the rage in Paris.

Apropos of France. There have, of late, been some shocking scenes. A morbid sentiment in the observance of crime and criminals, seems to prevail there—thanks, probably, to Eugene Sue, and other kindred writers. For example, at Vosges, a man has been tried for poisoning his wife, for the purpose of marrying another, which other had poisoned her husband. A Madam Lacoste is also accused of poisoning her husband. F. Rousselet and Donon Cadot, have been tried for the murder of the father of the latter, a banker at Pontoise. The son was acquitted, but Rousselet was found guilty, and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment, with hard labor. The Courts, during all the above trials, were crowded with ladies, some of whom took their sewing and embroidery with them; and gentlemen, during any cessation of business, supplied them with refreshments! It is truly a horrible taste, for ladies of rank to seek for excitement in crime, criminals and horrors. At Riom, Pietre Lescure was accused of murdering both his father and his uncle. He was convicted of the latter murder; but—owing to the clumsiness on the part of the executioners, the axe of the guillotine was raised and fell several times, before the head was severed from the body, and nearly twenty minutes were consumed in putting the wretched sinner to death. I must not leave the prisons, without informing you that there are no fewer than twenty-seven editors of public journals in the French gaols! Of 33,000,000 of persons in France, the *Reforme* gives the following statistics.

27,000,000 drink no wine.
31,000,000 cannot use sugar.
20,000,000 wear no shoes.
31,000,000 eat no meat.
18,000,000 eat no wheat bread.
4,000,000 are clothed in rags.

I cannot help thinking that the above estimate is far too gloomy, especially when I observe from official documents, that the foreign trade of France, in 1843, was as follows:

Imports £49,416,000
Exports 41,333,000

Louis Philippe has done a very foolish thing, considering his personal wealth. He has preferred a sort of beggar's petition to the Chambers, for national incomes to his younger children. The proposition meets with decided and violent opposition. Nineteen thousand French emigrated to Algiers, in 1843. There have been ninety-five persons convicted of the horrible crime of parricide in France, within the last ten years. A Mademoiselle Roumici, in Algiers, recently defended herself against six Arabs—she killed one, wounded two, and put the others to flight! The heroine received a wound in the arm. Spain is about to go to war with Morocco, to avenge national insult; and an army of 6,000 Spaniards has been ordered to Ceuta.

An ancient Roman bracelet of gold, supposed to be of the time of Julius Cæsar, was found, a few days since, by a person at Ely, while digging. It was valued at £21, for old gold. The brig "Childers" has just arrived in London, with $1,000,000 worth of the Chinese ransom.

"Martin Chuzzlewit" has been dramatized at the Lyceum Theatre, London. A manufacturer in Pudsey, Leeds, has received an order for eight miles and a quarter, of a particular sort of woollen broad cloth. Mr. J. Groves, a wealthy man, of Aylesbury, has returned to his tenants all their rents for the last half year. The most fashionable pleasure trips now-a-days, from London, are by steam to Portugal, Gibraltar, Spain, Malta and the Mediterranean generally. Mr. Kirby, an American actor, has made quite a "hit" in London. Risley (the Professor!) and his two sons, are all the rage in Paris; and Van Amburgh has been exhibiting two lion's whelps to the Queen, in her drawing-room at Windsor Castle. Sir Robert Peel is worth £7,000,000 sterling! The newest of all fashionable shawls just now, is so woven, that it will fold four different ways, showing each way a different color, and so presenting the appearance of four different shawls worn at four different times. There are 3,352 persons now confined in Great Britain and Ireland, for debt. The Court of Queen's Bench has refused to make a husband pay for the extravagant clothing of his wife—on the ground that the creditors knew that they were supplying gowns, bonnets and shawls, in quantities quite disproportioned to the means and station in life of the husband. This decision has created quite a sensation. *On dit* that some of the high officials of the Court have extravagant wives—being every now and then appalled with enormous milliner's bills. It is estimated that the gin drank in England, is worth at least £20,000,000 sterling per annum—almost enough to pay the interest of the National Debt. And yet, I am happy to say, the good cause of Temperance goes on favorably.

General News.

Western Navigation.—Rock River, Wisconsin, has recently been navigated by a steamboat of 125 tons burthen, up as far as the village of Jefferson, the county seat of Jefferson county, and some forty or fifty miles above Janesville, which has hitherto been considered the head of navigation. Rock River is one of the most beautiful streams in the Western country, and passes through one of the fairest and most fertile parts of Illinois and Wisconsin, and should it continue to be navigable by steamboats, it will be of incalculable value to the settlers of the interior of the territory.

☞ A "British Protection Emigrant Society" has been formed in New York. It has been organized for the purpose of preventing emigrants from frauds and cheats on their landing, to point out comfortable boarding houses, &c., giving them judicious advice in leaving New York, and useful information in general. Jas. Boorman, Esq., has been elected President, and Thomas T. Dixon, Esq., and Edward T. Sanderson, Esq. Vice Presidents. Among the Managers are Anthony Barclay, Esq., the British Consul, Doctor Bartlett, the Editor of the Albion, and Charles Edwards, Esq.

Gov. Dorr.—The Providence Journal contradicts the statement which appeared in the Evening Post, last week, in regard to Thomas W. Dorr. His imprisonment is not solitary. Solitary confinement has been abolished in the State Prison, its effects having been found injurious to the health and to the intellects of the convicts. It was abolished before Dorr was committed, and he has never been subject to it. He is engaged in the lightest employment that can be called labor, and works only as much as he pleases.

Fire in New Jersey.—The Steam Saw Mill of Mr. Jacob Troth, situate near Stoy's Landing, on Cooper's Creek, about four miles from Camden, was destroyed by fire on Friday afternoon of last week. The fire is supposed to have caught from the flues of one of the chimnies. The loss to Mr. Troth (if not insured) must have been great, and the more to be regretted, as he is a remarkably enterprising man. The mill was originally carried by water. He lost the privilege in a law suit, and substituted steam.

Sudden Death.—Some excitement was produced in this city, on Sunday and Monday, by the report that a Wilmington constable had been murdered by some fugitive slaves, whom he was attempting to arrest. The facts, however, as ascertained by the Coroner's Jury, were, that the officer, Mr. George Sharpe, overtook three men, supposed to be fugitives, and while in conversation with them, fell dead. The verdict was, that he died of exertion and over excitement, while laboring under disease of the heart.

Most Singular.—The Brooklyn Advertiser mentions a curious accident which happened to a girl in that city on the Fourth of July last. It appears that she was eating a piece of cocoa nut, and forgetting she had a torpedo in her hand, whilst engaged in conversation, unfortunately put the small firework into her mouth, instead of a piece of the nut. An explosion took place during the process of mastication, which lacerated the tongue very seriously, and nearly blew a hole through the cheek.

Georgia Central Railroad.—There have been conveyed over the road, this year, 2,772 passengers more than last year, making an increase of passage money of $27,229 43. The number of bales of cotton brought down in 1842-3, was 36,790, and in 1843-4, 65,331, being an increase of 28,541 bales. The total receipts of the Company in 1842-3, were $157,697 56, and in 1843-4, $287,725 97, being an increase of receipts this year of $126,028 41.

Great Railway.—A London paper announces a startling project drawn up by the Emperor of Russia, for connecting St. Petersburg, by means of a gigantic railway, with Odessa and the Black Sea. The line, which would extend to the astonishing length of one thousand miles, has to pass over Ostrow, Witepsk, Nogatshef, Kiew and Balta—an undertaking unparalleled in ancient and modern history.

Cheap Living.—The Pittsburgh Gazette asserts, that the means of living cheaply, and yet comfortably, are uncommonly abundant in that city. Flour $3,75 per barrel; beef 4 to 5 cents per pound; chickens 15 to 25 cents per pair; fresh print butter 10 to 12½ cents per pound. Fuel is, of course, low. House rent is moderate, very comfortable dwellings being rented for from 100 to 200 dollars a year.

Shocking Casualty.—On the night of the 17th ult., says the New Orleans Picayune, the dwelling house of Mr. Alanson Cooke, Seignory of Petite Nation, was discovered to be on fire, which had made such progress as to make it impossible for all the inmates to escape. A little girl, aged seven years and nine months, daughter of Mr. Cooke, was burned in the house, with two servant girls.

Lard Oil.—An establishment at Cincinnati, manufactures 200 gallons per day. The value of the oil and stearine shipped from this single establishment during the last sixteen months, is over 100,000 dollars. In the pork season, the oil is made directly from the hog, the whole of which is used for the purpose, except the hams and shoulders.

☞ The Boston folks are determined to stop smokers. The Boston Post states that last week a citizen who was seen smoking a cigar in his wagon, as he was riding through Washington street, was fined two dollars and costs by the Police Court.

☞ A reward of $20 is offered in the Boston papers, for the arrest of the person who threw ink over a lady's white dress, while she was walking, on Thursday evening week, with her husband.

☞ A negro woman, named Tina Lewis, died at Key West, a few days since, at the astonishing age of 117 years. She retained her faculties to the last.

☞ At Boston on Saturday night last, the daughter of Maurice Welsh, was burnt to death while her parents were asleep in the room with her.

☞ A manufacturer in Cincinnati has forwarded to St. Louis a plough that is to be driven by steam, for turning up the prairies of Illinois.

☞ A. M. Smith, a young man residing near Exeter, Green county, Wisconsin Territory, was [illegible] three weeks since. [illegible] which it was [illegible] having just [illegible] his claim to land for $200.

☞ Amount of imports for July, 1843, $310,[illegible] Amount of imports for July, 1844, $712,077 00. [illegible] at Boston, from July 1st to August 9th, is one million and [illegible] forty days [illegible]

☞ A new steam factory at Manchester, N. H., owned by [illegible], consumed by fire on Tuesday week. The loss is estimated at $5,000, and there was no insurance. It was supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

☞ An alligator, eight feet long, was captured in Burgundy street, New Orleans, on the night of the [illegible]. A paper of that city thinks that [illegible] out"—of the swamp.

☞ Richmond, too, as well as the more northern cities, is improving apace. New buildings are going up [illegible] stores are [illegible] granite from [illegible]

☞ Robert Nesbit, an estimable citizen of Canton township, Penn., aged 27 years, a few days since [illegible] which the [illegible] bled to death.

☞ Three dollar bills altered from something else to the "Hagerstown Bank, Md.," signed "A. Stockly, cashier," Isaac Davis, President, have just made their appearance.

☞ Pink Whortleberries have made their appearance in Rhode Island. They are about the size of the common black variety, and possess a similar flavor.

☞ The laborers on the Welland Canal, Canada, have become so outrageous in their assaults upon the persons and property of the farmers, as to excite universal fear.

☞ The editor of the Allegheny Morning Express has been presented with a bunch of clover, each head of which is four and five eighths inches in length.

Local Intelligence.

HORTICULTURAL.

The Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society commences on Wednesday, the 18th of September, and will continue open for three days. It will be held in the large saloon of the Museum Building, which as our readers are aware, is extremely well adapted for the purpose. The great abundance and excellence of the fruit, this season, will make the exhibition more than usually interesting, and the known judgment and excellent taste of the managers, will arrange the fruits of the earth to the best advantage.

Relics.—Our readers are aware that the old "Academy" on Fourth street, has been removed, to give place to new buildings. The Academy was built in 1740, and was intended as a meeting house for Whitefield. The funds fell short, and the building was then purchased, in 1750, by Franklin, and others, for an academy, or college, to which purpose it has since been applied. Several coffins have been dug up, from the excavations made for the new foundation, and on Monday, the workmen came to a coffin, which broke to pieces at the touch of the spade, and exposed a portion of the mouldering remains of its tenant. The handles of the coffin were perforated in the form of hearts, and in some places, traces of the silver plating could be seen.

☞ A lad named David Graham, was sitting between [illegible] on the Gray's Ferry Railroad, on Saturday last, when the conductor kicked at him to [illegible] under the cars, when the wheels of the last one passed over his [illegible] in a shocking manner. [illegible] but drove [illegible] notice. The [illegible] was taken [illegible]. An inquest was held upon the body, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts mentioned above.

Held to Bail.—William H. Dunn, brother to the Rev. Mr. Dunn, of the Church of St. Philip de Neri, Southwark, was held to bail in the sum of $1,000 on Tuesday, by Alderman Brazer, [illegible] appearance [illegible] Quarter Sessions, [illegible] against Mr. Dunn [illegible] bling, with [illegible] with arms.

☞ David Mundy, Esq., for many years constable of [illegible] he performed [illegible] departed [illegible] disease of [illegible] laboring for [illegible] versally re[illegible] he has left [illegible] friends to mourn his loss.

A Splendid Gift.—On Saturday evening, on behalf of the citizens of Philadelphia, John M. Scott, Esq., [illegible] ted sword, [illegible] Captain Joseph Hill, of the City Guards, for his patriotic services [illegible]. On receiving the award, Captain Hill made some excellent remarks in reply to the address of the Mayor.

Testimony of Respect.—The flags at the different Democratic Head Quarters throughout the city and [illegible] mast and [illegible] respect to the memory of the Hon. H. A. Muhlenburg, [illegible] and confer[illegible] cept the pa[illegible]

Another New Steamer.—The large and handsome [illegible] Augusta, arrived at [illegible] from New [illegible] freight and [illegible] new and st[illegible] regular pac[illegible]

☞ On Monday evening as Mr. Henry Ralston, of this [illegible] themselves [illegible] "serpent" [illegible] what was [illegible] such severity [illegible] sight.

☞ The city watch houses, four in number, are being [illegible] to give the [illegible] vicinity of the [illegible] ing out. The [illegible] the necessity [illegible]

Mad Dogs.—On Saturday, a mad dog was killed in Fifth street, near Parrish, and another on Monday, in Chesnut street, below Third. The latter, [illegible] gers, while [illegible] where the animal was.

☞ The slaughter house of Adam Steinbeck, and a barn occupied by Thomas Clark, near the corner of Thirteenth street and Poplar lane, were destroyed by fire, on Sunday morning last. [illegible] incendiaries.

☞ The City Guards, Captain Hill, left on Monday for Coatesville, on the Columbia railroad, where they intend encamping for a few days. This [illegible] Washington [illegible]

Gen. Jackson's Sword, used by him at the battle of New Orleans, has been forwarded to this city, and is now in the hands of Messrs. Caldwell & Bennett, jewellers, Chesnut street, below Fifth, to be repaired.

☞ A large [illegible] levies are in circulation in this city. They are of the Mexican stamp, and are as worthless as tin, and many [illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

A NEW GREEK GRAMMAR. *By Charles Anthon, L. L. D., Prof. &c. in Columbia College, N. Y. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Borford.*—Nothing pleases us better than when we meet those of "shining morning face," bearing in their hands or their satchels, Anthon's school books. The manner in which each series is prepared, by progressive and well arranged exercises, leading the pupil onward, has done wonders in the way of "Amelioration of the Condition of American School Boys." There is no pretence on the part of the author to the discovery of any new royal road, by which learning may be obtained without effort, but the books are so arranged, that almost every item of knowledge becomes available to further progress, almost as soon as it is acquired. The young student finds the lions on his path, completely disarmed before he reaches them; and what he feared might prove almost impossible of acquisition, is not only easily but pleasantly attained, by patient study. Previously to the taking up of this "New Grammar," the beginner will of course use the first and second "Lessons," by the same author. From those, he gets a good general idea of the structure of the language. This work will give him its history, the explanation of its apparent anomalies, the regularity of its irregularities—its connexion with cognate tongues; and, in a word, the substance of what the patient study of the best and most skilful grammarians, has been able to effect for the better understanding of the language. It is a volume of some five hundred pages—and truly a most valuable book.

KNOWLES'S ELOCUTIONIST, *a First Class Rhetorical Reader, and Recitation Book. By James Sheridan Knowles. Enlarged, and adapted to the purposes of Instruction in the United States. By Epes Sargent. New York: Saxton & Miles. Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell.*—This work, starting with the obvious maxim that "the essential rules of elocution are few and simple," contains those few rules, intelligibly stated, and so arranged as to be practical with or without an instructor. No man or boy, of ordinary sense, can fail to be improved, (if there be need of his improvement) in his manner of reading, by a careful attention to this treatise. The selections for the exercise of the voice in reading and recitation, are made with good judgment, and the taste of the American editor, himself an accomplished scholar, and graceful speaker, is shown in the additions from American and foreign literature, which he has made to the book. In a few words, it is a work which we can honestly and earnestly recommend.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY: *On The Basis of Dr. Brewster's Legendre. To which is added a Book on Proportion. By James E. Thompson, A. M. Philadelphia: Smith & Peck.*—Mr. Thompson has also edited an edition of Day's Algebra—which, at the time of its publication, was received with high favor by the public, and has been largely adopted as an elementary book. The work under notice, is intended to supply a want which has long been felt—*viz* "an elementary treatise, accurate and rigorous in its demonstrations, and yet not above the comprehension of pupils in Schools and Academies." The success of Mr. Thompson in preparing Day's Algebra, inclines the public in favor of the present work; and so far as a cursory examination enables us to judge, we think he has succeeded in the present, even better than in the former undertaking. Teachers and School Directors are bound in duty, to examine for themselves.

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. *By Amos Kendall. New York: Harpers'. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.*—Part V. of this somewhat tardy work has reached us. It contains two illustrations; one a view of Jackson's flotilla descending the Mississippi, the other an illustration of that scene in the Hero's life, when he stilled a soldier's murmurs by offering to share the acorns, upon which the general was feasting, with the man. We hope that the ten following numbers will be pushed out with more expedition.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED AMERICAN INDIANS. *Zieber & Co.*—This is another of Peter Parley's excellent books; and it discourses of what all American children should know something about,—the famous men among the Indians who inhabited this continent before the white men came. It gives brief lives of the most celebrated upon both continents; and we are sure our little readers have not, for many a day, seen a little book better worth their while than this. It forms one volume of Parley's Cabinet Library.

ARRAH NEIL, OR THE TIMES OF OLD.—A new novel by the indefatigable James! Verily, the man writes books faster than any, except those whose leisure is abundant, indeed, can read them; and in all his books, though there are unmistakeable marks of the same man, there is still an unwearying interest to the romance reader. Perhaps there is no novelist of them all, who may more safely keep the public ear, than James. *Zieber & Co. and Robinson & Peterson* have the work.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. *By John Frost, L.L. D. Philadelphia: Benjamin Walker.* Nos. 17 and 18 of this work, are just published, leaving but two more to complete the work. It will effect more than any other publication in interesting the youth of our country, in its history, and in this respect, the author has, in this, as in others of his works, a strong claim on the gratitude of his countrymen. The numbers may be had of *Robinson & Peterson.*

NEW WORK ON THE ABORIGINES.—The New York Commercial Advertiser announces a new work from the pen of Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq., as being nearly ready for publication. It will treat of Indian traditions, superstitions, picture writing, music, poetry, &c.,—in short, of Aboriginal literature generally, and also of Indian antiquities, habits, characteristics, &c. It will be looked for with interest.

MCCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER.—No. 15 of this valuable work has been published, leaving but five more numbers to complete the work. It should form a part of the household library of every man who can afford its price—being unequalled for convenience, fullness, and excellence among works of its class. *Robinson & Peterson, and Zieber & Co.* have it.

ANACREON MOORE.—After a delay which had begun to make us feel impatient, we find the publication of the Mirror Library resumed with "The Odes of Anacreon," "Rhymes on the Road," and "Alciphron," by Thomas Moore. The library may be had, in separate numbers or entire, of *Zieber & Co.*, and of *Robinson & Peterson.*

HEWITT'S SHAKESPEARE. *Part 19. Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson, and Zieber & Co.*—This number completes Romeo and Juliet, and the next will commence King Lear. In the present number are some beautiful engravings, as, indeed, there are in all. It will be a truly splendid work when completed.

THE SPOON. *New York: Harpers'.* Part III. of this curious affair has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, and by *Robinson & Peterson*. It increases in interest, and whoever reads it will obtain a singular jumble of miscellaneous knowledge and curious facts.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—A life of Gen. Marion is shortly to appear, from the pen of W. G. Simmes, Esq. The only accessible biography of this daring soldier at present extant, is Weems's—more romantic, we suspect, than authentic.

THE WANDERING JEW, Herbert's translation, Part III., has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, and *Robinson & Peterson.*

☞ Colon has sent us Part I. of "The Wandering Jew." Harpers' edition.

Army & Navy.

☞ The U. States frigate Potomac, Captain Newell, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore David Conner, of the Home Squadron, arrived at this port on Saturday. The Potomac was last from Havana, which port she left on the 28th of July. Officers and crew all well.

☞ The United States revenue schr. Crawford, B. Day, commander, from Savannah, arrived at St. Augustine, on the 30th ult., with Gen. Worth and Captain Sprague, U. S. Army, as passengers.

☞ The U. States ship Preble, now lying at New York, is about to sail for the Coast of Africa.

☞ Lieut. Fremont, of the U. S. Surveying Expedition to the Columbia River, with his party, reached Westport on the 28th ult., and were expected to arrive in St. Louis on the 21 inst. They have endured great hardships in this expedition.

☞ General Scott arrived at Milwaukie *en route* for the frontier posts, on the 28th ult., accompanied by Captain Stephen Champlain, of Buffalo, and Lieutenants Williams, Scott, and Murphy.

☞ The United States Government have commenced operations for constructing a fort upon the Penobscot river, opposite Buckport.

☞ Lieut. Semmes, in the U. S. steamer Poinsett, is now surveying the harbor of Apalachicola and the coast in the vicinity.

☞ Commander Chas. H. Bell, has been ordered to the U. S. sloop of war Yorktown, to cruize in the Mediterranean station.

☞ The U. S. brig Somers sailed from Key West on the 20th ult., on a cruise. Officers and crew all well.

Notes of the Weather, &c.

☞ The Norfolk papers state that a very long-continued drought in Charlotte, Halifax, Prince Edward, Cumberland, and the adjoining counties, has done much injury to the tobacco and corn crops in that region of country. No rain had fallen for four months. The fate of the tobacco crop is very precarious, and the corn crop will, it is thought, be curtailed one half, if not more.

☞ Buffalo was visited with a very heavy fall of rain, on Tuesday afternoon the 6th. It was a perfect avalanche of water, and lasted something like an hour and a half. At the various places where excavations were going on, the ungovernable element obtained mastery, and carried all before it. Cellars were filled, and newly built walls materially injured by submersion.

☞ The Lexington (Mo.) Gazette, states that on the 6th ult., a terrible storm passed over Johnson, Van Buren and Jackson counties. In Johnston county, Mr. Isaac Cox, wife and four children, were swept away with their house during the night and drowned. The next day the bodies were found.

☞ We understand, says the Camden (S. C.) Journal, that the crops of corn in many parts of this and the adjoining districts, as well as the neighboring counties in North Carolina, are suffering much from drought. In some sections, not more than half crops are expected.

☞ In the storm on Wednesday, July 25th, the wife of James Cooper, of Bunker Hill, Illinois, was instantly killed by lightning. Mrs. Cooper was at the time sick in bed in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were formerly from New York.

☞ The St. Augustine News, learns that very good crops of corn will be gathered in East Florida, notwithstanding the extensive drought which has prevailed. The cotton crops are also in a very flourishing condition at this time.

☞ The Western Expositor, of the 20th ult., published at Independence, Mo., says "A considerable shock of an earthquake was felt in our town yesterday. It commenced at ten minutes past four, and lasted several seconds."

☞ We learn from the Upper Marlboro' Gazette, that by the storm of the 2nd inst., several of the Planters of Prince George's county, had their tobacco crops so much cut by hail as to render them valueless.

☞ The Plantations in the vicinity of Edgefield, (S. C.) have suffered a great deal from intense heat and want of rain. The Corn crop has almost altogether been destroyed.

☞ A letter from Ediso Island, published in the Charleston Patriot, gives a sorry account of the fate of the cotton crop in that vicinity.

Notices of the Dead.

DEATH OF A PATRIOT.—Died in Deerfield, N. H., on the 10th ultimo, Captain James Whidden, aged 83. He was a native, and for many years a resident of Greenland, N. H. In the "time that tried men's souls" he marched as a volunteer in Capt. Clark's company. He fought in the Battle of Saratoga at the capture of Burgoyne. He was a sensible, noble-hearted, generous man. As examples of his friendship and liberality to the poor, and his minister, at the time of the great fire at Portsmouth, he drove one of his best oxen from his farm in Greenland, to Portsmouth, killed it and distributed it to the needy sufferers. When Rev. Mr. Neal was ordained at Greenland, he presented him with one of the best cows of his dairy. He made a like present also to his successor, the Rev. Mr. Abbot, when he was ordained.

ANOTHER MISSIONARY FALLEN.—The Christian Workman says:—The painful intelligence of the death of the Rev. Grover S. Comstock, missionary of the American Baptist Board at Ramree, Arracan, has reached the Missionary Rooms by the last steamer. He died of the Asiatic Cholera, at Akyab, on the 25th April. He has thus quietly followed his excellent and lamented wife to receive his final reward.

☞ Rev. George D. Sommers, blind from his birth, and a local preacher of the Methodist Church in Baltimore, died on the 16th ult. at the residence of his father, in Montgomery county, Md. This announcement will be received with pain by a large class of our citizens; and it may well be said—"Truly a good man has fallen in Israel."

DEATH OF SENATOR BROOKE.—Nathaniel Brooke, Esq., late a member of the State Senate from Chester county, died at his residence in Vincent, aged 58 years, of a protracted illness. Mr. B. was a man of many amiable qualities, of great firmness, and highly respected both as a citizen and public officer.

☞ Died, at East Hartford, Conn., on the 6th inst., Dr. Timothy Hall, aged 87. His death was occasioned by being thrown from a wagon. Dr. H. was a Surgeon in the Revolutionary army, and was an eye witness to the execution of Major Andre. He was beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

☞ We notice the death of John G. Coster, Esq., in New York. He came to this country more than fifty years since, and accumulated a large fortune in business. He was one of the most active citizens of the commercial emporium. He was eighty-two years of age.

☞ Mr. John Davis, the Coroner of New Orleans, died on the 3d inst., after a severe illness of but two days duration. He was in his 28th year.

Religious Intelligence.

INDIA.—By late intelligence, the native population of Southern India, seems rapidly advancing to a point where the renunciation of the foolish, degrading, and unsatisfying rites of idolatory will be very frequent. Under date of March 14, 1844, the Bishop of Madras, says that ninety-six villages, in the province of Tinnevelley, have recently come forward, unsolicited, and utterly abolished their idols, requesting to be taken under Christian instruction. One of the English Missionaries, at an earlier date, says, that he had, within the two preceding months, received seven hundred natives under his care.

☞ A new Baptist Church has been built at Mount Holly, New Jersey, and was dedicated on Thursday. Rev. Thomas O. Lincoln, formerly of the Spruce Street Baptist Church, in this city, is the Pastor. A new Episcopal Church is about to be built in the same village, the plans being drawn by Mr. Carver, of this city.

☞ The Rev. C. C. Williams has resigned the pastoral charge of the Blockley Baptist Church.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, a beautiful Gothic edifice, was opened on Sunday, at Stockbridge, Mass.

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES IN LONDON.—A recent London Magazine gives the following as the amount of contributions for the last year, to some of the principal Missionary Boards of that city:

Methodist	£101,938
Established Church	90,871
Congregationalist	80,574
Baptist Missions	22,727
Moravian	11,117
Total	£307,227
Equal to	$1,365,310

THE SABBATH.—An aged clergyman, in Baltimore, states, "that during the long time he was Chaplain to the Maryland Penitentiary, he took great pains to ascertain from the convicts, what was the commencement of their downward career; and that the testimony of about ninety-nine out of a hundred, was, that their career of wickedness commenced with *Sabbath breaking*."

☞ Among the appropriations lately voted in the British House of Commons, were £2,000 for the Bishop of Nova Scotia, £1,000 for the Bishop of Montreal, £500 for the Arch Deacon, and £400 for the Rector of Quebec, £1,000 for the Catholic Bishop of Montreal, and various other appropriations, amounting to £11,754 in Canada and the other North American possessions.

☞ The Lagrange (Ga.) Herald says, that an extensive revival of religion has been progressing in that village for several days. The Baptist minister, Mr. Dawson, the Presbyterian, Mr. Cunningham, and the Methodist, Mr. Wiggins, with others, were all united in the work.

☞ The receipts in this country, during July, in aid of the Free Church of Scotland, amounted to $2,605 04. Amount previously received, $40,230 75. Total, $42,835 79.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Andrews, late of the Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y., has accepted a call to take the pastoral charge of the Second Street Presbyterian Church, in Troy.

☞ The corner-stone of a new Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Gough and Market streets, Baltimore, was laid, on Tuesday afternoon.

☞ The receipts, in June and July, of the Philadelphia Home Missionary Society, amounted to $1,340 24.

☞ The receipts, in July, of the Presbyterian (Old School) Board of Missions, amounted to $1 217 86.

☞ The Virginia Synod of the Presbyterian Church, will meet at Norfolk, on the 16th of October next.

Personal News.

☞ Colonel Broadhead, the historical agent of the State of New York, arrived at New York City, on Monday, in the Queen of the West, from Liverpool. He has brought with him a large number of manuscripts copied from English archives, and another large parcel of French documents is on board a Havre packet, daily expected.

☞ The New Bedford Mercury states that the report that the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of that place, declines the re-election to Congress, is entirely unauthorised; and that he will be governed, in that respect, by the wishes and interests of his political friends.

☞ Hon. Henry D. Foster, of Westmoreland, was unanimously re-nominated for Congress, on the 6th inst. by the Democratic conferees of Westmoreland, Bedford and Cambria, composing the 19th Congressional District.

☞ Governor Morton declines a nomination again as a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. He has been a candidate annually for twenty-seven years; and has been twice successful, each time by *one* vote.

☞ The Directors of the Bank of Montgomery County, have elected John Buyer, Esq., President of that Institution, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Jos. Thomas.

☞ George Read Riddle, Esq., has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress, from Delaware, in place of Edward Worten, Esq., who declined the nomination.

☞ The Democrats in the First District of Ohio, have nominated James J. Farren, Esq., for the next Congress. The District is at present represented by Dr. Duncan.

☞ It is stated that E. Snowden, Esq. has been removed from the office of Surveyor of the port of Amboy, and that Mr. T. Holcomb has been appointed.

☞ Joseph Bancroft, Esq., has been appointed Deputy Collector of the Customs at Savannah, Ga., and has entered upon the duties of his station.

☞ The President has officially recognized the Chevalier A. Calderon de la Barca, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Spain.

☞ The Hon. Silas Wright has written a letter to the editors of the Plebeian, declining to be a candidate for the office of Governor.

☞ Ex-Governor Corwin, is ill at Portsmouth, Ohio, made so by excessive exertion and exposure in public speaking.

☞ Josiah S. Little, of Portland, has been nominated for Congress by the Whigs of the Cumberland District, Maine.

☞ It is said that Mr. Coster, who died in New York, last week, left a fortune of 3,000,000 dollars.

☞ The Hon. John M. Botts, lies ill at the city of Richmond, under an attack of congestive fever.

☞ John Ross, the celebrated Cherokee Chief, is at Portland, Maine, on a visit.

☞ Ex-President Van Buren, is at Saratoga. Five thousand other visitors are there.

☞ Mr. I. T. Worner, has resigned the Office of Postmaster, of Pottsville, Pa.

Educational.

☞ The annual commencement of the Middleburg College, Vt., took place July 31st. On the day previous the Literary Societies of the college were addressed by Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Rutland, and Rev. Dr. W. B. Sprague, of Albany. On commencement day the alumni were addressed by Hon. Myron Lawrence, of Belchertown. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Milton Badger, Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, New York city, and on Rev. Thomas J. Conant, Professor in the Literary and Theological Institution, Hamilton, N. Y.

REV. DR. SCHAF.—It will be remembered that this gentleman, a professor in one of the German Universities, was elected President of the German Reformed College, at Mercersburgh, Pa., in place of the celebrated Krummacher, who declined the appointment. Dr. S. has just arrived in this country, and enters immediately upon his office. He is very highly spoken of, and was recommended to the station to which he is elected, by Tholuck, Krummacher, and other eminent scholars and Christians, in Germany.

☞ The Charleston Chamber of Commerce having a surplus fund, recently came to the determination to recommend the formation of a Mercantile Library Association on the plan of the one in this city, and apply their surplus fund to the purchase of books for the formation of a library. Measures have already been taken for the practical realization of this generous and benevolent determination.

GETTYSBURGH COLLEGE.—This institution is in a flourishing condition. The list of students is large, and the terms are moderate. Rev. C. D. Krauth is President. The commencement takes place on the 3d of September. The orators this year, before the Societies, are Rev's. Thomas H. Stockton, and Theophilus Storke, of this city.

☞ Hon. H. H. Childs, late Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts, has been invited to a professorship in the Willoughby (Ohio) Medical College, which invitation he has accepted.

☞ The annual commencement of the University of Vermont, took place at Bennington on the 7th inst. The Literary Societies were addressed by Prof. G. W. Benedict, and the Rev. Walter Colton read a poem which is highly praised. At the conclusion of the ceremonies of the commencement, the alumni of the University held a meeting, and measures were taken to cause a monument to be erected to the memory of the late Doctor Marsh.

☞ The Boston Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge has, through its President, Daniel Webster, presented to the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, the sum of five hundred dollars for the purchase of books. A short time since, it will be remembered, the same society presented to the Mercantile Library Association, of Boston, a sum equal to the above.

MARIETTA COLLEGE, OHIO.—Five young gentlemen graduated at the late commencement. Addresses were delivered before the Societies by Hon. Bellamy Storer, and Rev. Dr. Cleveland, of Ohio.

☞ Mr. James Nooney, now tutor in Natural Philosophy in Yale College, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The Newbernian, N. C., of the 6th inst. says:—"We learn that on Friday evening last, Messrs. Benjamin and Henry Mace, Executors of the late Joseph Physic, of this county, left the port of Newbern for Philadelphia, with twenty-one emancipated slaves under their charge. Mr. Physic died a few years since, and left these persons free, making arrangements for sending them from the State, according to the laws of North Carolina.

☞ The steamboat Marietta, on the 24th ult., collapsed one of her flues, a few miles below Pine Bluffs, on the Arkansas, killing a child instantly, and badly scalding several persons on board. The boat, which was on her way to Van Buren, drifted down the stream a short distance, struck a snag, and immediately sunk. She was loaded principally with dry goods, all of which will be either lost or badly damaged.

☞ Elijah Heraelson, a convict, who was confined in the jail at Fort Madison, Iowa, for horse stealing, made his escape on the 20th ult. but was again captured and taken back to the Fort, where he was set felling trees just below that town. He had chopped off a tree two feet in diameter, and when it commenced falling, threw himself on his face directly under the lower end and was killed.

☞ The three State Courts of Louisiana offer to issue new papers of naturalization to all those who hold the Elliott certificates, on their appearing and giving proof that they possess the necessary qualifications, without charge. The Judge of the District Court of the United States purposes to hold periodical sessions during the summer for the same purpose. This is just and proper.

☞ It is estimated in a foreign periodical that the money annually spent in intoxicating liquors, wholly exclusive of the cost of jails, police, &c., in France, is £52,777,777; Great Britain, £39,692,487; Sweden, £13,500,000; Prussia, £9,000,000; United States, £8,052,416. This is truly a large sum to pay for poverty, disease and wretchedness.

☞ There are thirty-nine whale ships in the port of New Bedford, discharging and refitting; thirteen at New London, none at Nantucket; nine at Sag Harbor; and six at Stonington. There are six ships absent from New Bedford, which have been out more than four years.

☞ A steam mill, at Freedom, Beaver Co., Pa., occupied by Messrs. Graham & Rogers, was burned down on Monday night of last week, occasioning a loss of $900 in patterns, and an additional loss in lumber. The building was owned by the Bank of Pittsburg.

☞ Portsmouth is the only seaport in New Hampshire, and is celebrated for ship building. A large ship, built for a New York house, is just ready to be launched by Messrs. Raynes & Fernald. She is of 1,158 tons—the largest merchantman ever built in Portsmouth.

☞ Three boys were drowned in the Connecticut river, while in the act of bathing, about 8 o'clock on Friday morning week. Two of them were sons of T. S. Parker, aged nine and ten years, and the other, a lad of ten years, the son of S. Rogers, all of Hartford.

☞ In 1840, about half a million of pounds of tobacco was grown in Connecticut. The New York Journal of Commerce says that five if not ten times that quantity will be grown this year.

Items of News.

A DUEL.—The Bayou Sara Ledger says that a duel took place about the middle of July, at Pointe Coupee, between Messrs. Pierre Porche and Jean Baptiste Bergeron. At the first fire the latter received his adversary's ball through both his thighs. He is dangerously wounded. The quarrel grew out of something which transacted during the late election.

DREADFUL DEATH.—Mr. Edward T. Shurts, of Clinton township, Hunterdon county, N. J., met a most dreadful death on Friday of last week, by accidentally falling into a burning lime kiln. He was completely embedded five or six feet in burning lime, the top of the kiln falling in after him. He was a young man 27 years of age, and highly respected.

☞ The New Hampshire Herald says:—"James Patterson, of Otisco, wishing to ascertain whether a gun was loaded, directed his friend to hold back the percussion lock while he blew into the muzzle. During the operation the lock snapped, and Mr. P. received a heavy charge in his mouth, and expired instantly."

☞ The Whitehall Chronicle says, that a Mr. Whitefield, an old gentleman, between sixty and seventy years of age, residing in the town of Athol, Warren County, N. Y., was recently murdered by his wife, who inflicted several severe blows upon his head with an axe. She was insane.

☞ The Norfolk, Va., Beacon describes a cluster of six ears of Indian corn, all growing from the same stem, and covered by one shuck. Each ear is perfectly filled with grain, except a few rows where it adheres to its fellows, in which the grains are scattering.

☞ Two young ladies, daughters of Mr. Jonah Holley, of Genessee, (N. Y.) went in to bathe in Conesus Lake, in that vicinity, and had walked only about three rods from the shore, when they suddenly fell into very deep water, and were drowned.

☞ The sum of $1,200 has been collected from citizens of St. Louis, to aid the sufferers by the flood. The City Council appropriated $1,000 for the same purpose. We trust these examples will be everywhere followed.

☞ The schooner Rover, from Toronto, having on board the captain, his wife and child, and a man and a boy, was capsized on Lake Ontario, a few days since, and all on board perished except the captain.

☞ In the town of Manchester, N. H. three hundred tenements have been put up within three months, but still it is impossible to procure one to live in. It is a new and prosperous manufacturing village.

☞ The Secretary of the Treasury has determined that the duty on hollow wares is one and a half cents per pound. Gunny bags are free.

☞ The citizens of Rochester, N. Y., have purchased a magnificent telescope for the purpose of observing the heavenly bodies.

☞ The Secretary of the Treasury has directed trace chains to be admitted under a duty of thirty per cent., *ad valorem*.

☞ The Sea Serpent has been seen off Portland, Me. When does he intend to fulfil his engagement at Nahant?

☞ Advices from Hayti to the 31st ult., report things as very unquiet, and rebellion resuming its usual features. Acaau is to be tried by court martial. The French Admiral of the station left for Martinique, on the 27th ult., on his return to France.

☞ On Thursday week, Roberts' large paper mill, in Weston, Mass., was entirely consumed by fire. Damage, 6,000, which was insured for $1,000 at the Middlesex Mutual Insurance Co. Loss on machinery, $5,000.

☞ The Fishkill, N. Y. Standard states that the Messrs. Warring, of Orange county, have raised on the farm of Mr. Peter Van Vliet, near Newburg, seventy-two bushels of oats from an acre of land.

☞ The Brooklyn Eagle notices a cucumber twenty-eight inches long, nine inches in circumference, weighing seven and a half pounds, raised by Thos. Cheetham, a gardener on Willoughby street.

☞ At Hartford, Conn., the experiment of covering the body with sliced onions, and renewing them often till the fever subsides, has been tried with great effect in cases of scarlet fever.

☞ Bridget Dolan, confined in the jail at Danville, Pa., under sentence of death, for the murder of Rufus G. Geri, has been pardoned by Gov. Porter, and released from prison.

☞ The Long Island Railroad Company has commenced taking passengers to Boston, leaving New York at 8 A. M., and arriving at Boston about 5 in the afternoon.

☞ The new British Parliament House, which has been many years in the hands of the builders, will not be completed, and ready for use, till the season of 1847.

☞ The National Guards, of Trenton, N. J., are now on a visit to Easton, Pa., and are the guests of their military brethren there.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

2195 shares	Wilmington R. R.	23¼a23½
568 do.	Girard Bank,	12½a12¾
441 do.	Norristown Railroad,	7½a8½
160 do.	United States Bank,	8½a8¾
50 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.,	35½a36½
33 do.	Man & Mec. Bank,	26
25 do.	Girard Trust Co.	23½
22 do.	Far. & Mec. Bank,	44
12 do.	Schuylkill Bank,	11½
2 do.	Southwark Insurance Co.	20
$12,000	Lehigh 6's, 1844a45,	40½
$1200	Lehigh 6's, 1848,	40
$200	Lehigh 6's, 1845,	40½
$3000	Reading R. R. Bonds,	67½
$1000	Tenn. 5's, 1st Jan.	85
$1200	Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1855,	85
$550	Penna. 5's, 1st Scrip,	70
$1000	U. States 5's, S 5,	103½
$6000	United States 5's, 1853,	103½
$1500	Lehigh Mortgage Loan,	70a70½

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Bank of Orange County, Chelsea, Vt.—1's, letter E. pay E. D. Blodgett, Jan. 20, 1844. Jason Steel, Cashier, John Francis, President. Filling and signatures in same hand.

Hagerstown Bank, Hagerstown, Md.—1's, letter C'd, pay R. Cook, Jan. 6, 1844. Vignette, a village and bridge across a stream.

Quinebaug Bank, Norwich, Ct.—10's, spurious. Vignette, a ship at sea, railroad train, &c. Saml. A. Morgan, President, D. D. Trumbull, Cashier.

Bank of Northern Liberties, Philada.—5's altered from Southwark Savings Institution—signed Roberts, Cashier, Benckert, President, by which they may be detected.

Mechanics' Bank, Providence, R. I.—All signed Day, Cashier, and Bishop, President, are worthless. 3's, spurious. Vignette, an Indian and dog. Unlike the genuine.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

The trade of our city this week gives some manifestations of improvement—the western and southern merchants who had loitered on their way, at some of our fashionable watering places, have come into the city, and commenced the purchase of their fall stock. From all that we can now see our merchants will do an excellent business this fall.

American Cotton and Woollen Goods.—We quote satinetts 30a80 cts per yard, brown shirtings, ⅞ths wide, 6a6½ cts, do ¾ 6½a7½ cts, sheetings, brown, ¾ wide, 6½a8 cents, do 5-4, 10½a12 cts, do. bleached ⅞ths, 7½a15 cts, do. 5-4, 12a15 cts, calicoes, rich styles, new pattern, 17a23 cents, woollen goods are firm with an upward tendency. *Ashes*—Last sales of western pots $4 per cwt. *Bark*—Quercitron bark is in demand at $23,50 per ton, Spanish oak $9a10 per cord in the rough, chesnut oak $7,50a8 per cord. *Beeswax*—Sales of western yellow 29a30 cts per lb. *Coffee*—Nothing new in the market, and sales limited to about 300 bags Laguayra at 5½a7½c cash and time. *Coal*—Hollidaysburg bituminous coal by the cargo 10 cts per bushel, Lehigh lump $3,62½ per ton, Schuylkill white ash $3,31½ a3,37½, do. red ash $3,75. *Candles*—New Bedford hydraulic sperm 30 cts per lb, dipped tallow 8½a9c, mould do. 9½a10 cts as in size. *Cotton* remains in the same dull and depressed state as noticed in our last report, and sales are only by retail at steady prices—we notice some small lots at 6½c for interior uplands, and 8½c for New Orleans. *Domestic Spirits*—Whiskey comes in slowly, and readily commands 22a22½ cts per gallon in hhds and bbls, New England rum 31a32 cents, New Orleans do. 65a70 cents. *Flax*—Domestic 7a8c per lb. *Feathers*—Western 28c per lb. *Fish*—We notice a more active retail demand for mackerel, and sales making at $10½a11 for 1's, $8½a 8¾ for 2's, and $6a6½ for 3's. *Flour and Meal*—We have no alteration to notice since our last weekly report—the flour market has continued very quiet with scarce any export demand, and the only sale we hear of is about 1000 bbls Brandywine made from new wheat at $4,37½, other descriptions may be quoted from $4 to 4,25 for sound old stock and good brands fresh ground—sales only for city use. Rye flour we quote at $2,75. Corn Meal—But little selling, a sale of 100 bbls Brandywine at $2,44—Pa. is held at $2,18½. Wheat dull, and prices have a downward tendency—sales of prime new southern at 88c, fair 86c, and old Pa. 85a86c. Rye we quote at 50a52c for new southern. Corn—Sales of southern yellow at 45a 46c—a lot of inferior at 42c for yellow, and 38c for white, sales of common quality round yellow 44 cts, good 46c—the market closes dull. Oats—Sales of 1300 bushels old Pa. at 27c, and new southern 21a24c. *Hay and Straw*—Timothy 75a81½ cents, clover 60a65 cents, wheat straw $4,50a5 per 100 bundles, rye do. $5,50a6. *Indigo*—Caracas $1,05a1,10 per lb, Manilla 87½ cts. *Iron*—Am. pig No. 1 $28a32 per ton, do. common $24a26. Am. bar refined $80a85, Am. sheet $1,30a1,35, hoop $5a6 per cwt, boiler flue 4½a5 cts per lb. *Lead*—Last sale of Missouri pig lead at $3,58 per 100 lbs. *Molasses* firm, but no important sales making—we notice a lot of 35 hhds of Matanzas sugar house at 33c on time. *Nails*—Cut nails, assorted sizes, 3¾a4¼c per lb. *Naval Stores*, except spirits turpentine, which is now held at 40 cts are quiet. *Oil*—Sperm oil has advanced and commands readily $1a1,05 per gallon, elephant, bleached and unbleached, best quality, 70a75 cents—whale oil 41a43 cents, do. winter 50a55, straits oil $18 per bbl of 31 gallons, bank oil $16,50 western lard oil 55a65 cents per gallon, linseed 75 cts. *Plaster*—We notice cargo sales at $2,44 per ton. *Provisions*—Sales of mess pork at $9,75a10 per bbl, prime do. $7,50 a7,75, hams 5½a6 cts per lb, shoulders 3½a3¾, Herkimer county cheese 6a7, lard No. 1 $6,12½a6,31 per 100 lbs on time. *Rags*—Country mixed 3½a3¾ cts per lb. *Rice*—Good fresh rice $3,50 per 100 lbs. *Shot*—Drop shot 5 cts per lb, mould do 5½ cts. western bar lead 4 cts, Philadelphia best stamped 4½. *Seed*—The market for flaxseed is rather unsettled, and prices drooping—the new crop will, in all probability, be very large—sales of 1000 bushels are reported at 144c. *Sugars* show no change since last week—we notice sales of 700 boxes Matanzas and Cienfuegos browns, part on terms not public, and part at 6½a6⅞c 4 mos—50 hhds inferior white Brazil at 7½c 4 mos. and about 140 hhds inferior New Orleans and Cienfuegos at 6½a6⅞c 4 mos. *Soap*—Brown and yellow 3¼a4½ cts per lb. *Tallow*—Domestic readily commands 6½a7c per lb. *Teas*—The sales during the week have been light, and within the following figures, viz.—Country packed gunpowder and imperial 58 cts a$1,25 per lb, do. Canton packed 35a40 cts, scarce, country packed young hyson 38 a85 cts, do. Canton packed 18a23 cents, country do. gunpowder and imperial in boxes 58a62 cts. Pouchong 25a50 cts. Souchong 25a50 cts. *Whiskey*—Sales of hhds at 22 a22½c, and bbls 22½c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 950 beef cattle, 280 cows and calves, 1150 sheep, and 950 swine. Prices—Of the beef, 300 head from Virginia, and the balance from Pa. Sales at $3 to 5,50, as in quality—280 head driven to N. York. Cows—Sales were dull at $8 to 12 for dry cows, 10 to 18 for springers, and $16 to 25 for milch cows. Sheep and Lambs—Sales at $1,25 to 3 for ordinary to prime sheep. Swine were dull of sale at $4 a4,25 per 100 lbs—250 head unsold.

New York.—At market 1100 beef cattle, 300 from the south, 55 cows and calves, and 2750 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle are in better request at $4,25a5,50 for retailing qualities, and a few prime beasts at $6—100 left over. Cows and Calves—Sales at $13 to 20, all taken. Sheep and lambs are cheaper—we quote the former at $1,25a3,50, and the latter $1a2,62½—250 left over. Hay—A large supply of new at 50a56 cts per cwt. The crop in this vicinity is stated by the farmers generally to be good.

Baltimore, Aug. 9.—There were 935 head offered during the week, 541 of which were sold at prices ranging from $1,25 to 2 per 100 lbs on the hoof, which is equal to $4,50a4 nett, according to quality and condition. Of those left on hand 234 head were driven north and the balance laid over. These prices show a slight decline, which is owing to the large offerings. Hogs—Sales have been making at $3,75a4.

Brighton, near Boston.—On the 5th inst. there were 470 beef cattle, 2800 sheep and 425 swine. Beef cattle sold at prices ranging as follows, viz—extra at $5—first quality at $4,75, second quality at $4,50, third quality at $3,50a4,40. No sales of working oxen. Sheep sold at from $1,75 to 2,50. Lambs at $1,25 to 2. Swine sold in lots to peddle at 3½a3¾c for barrows, a lot of fat hogs sold at 3½c, at retail from 4½ to 6.

Richmond, Aug. 8.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $1,62½ to 2,00, nett $3,50 to 4. Mutton—$2 to 2½, according to quality. Veals sell from $2 to 5, according to quality. Lambs from $1,50 to 2. Hogs 4½ to 5 per 100 lbs.

☞ As the Sun in the centre of the Solar System diffuses light and heat to the uttermost extremity of creation, so does the Heart, being the centre of Man's organization, (through the means of the circulation,) diffuse vitality and health, or disease and death to every part of the animal frame. If the blood is impure, or contains some latent poison, it is first thrown into the lungs, where tuberculary matter is deposited, the air cells obstructed, and the termination is Consumption, as it passes on to the glands about the neck and face, and there deposits its impurities, which results in a swelling of the glands and ends in Scrofula or King's Evil, which eventually causes death. It may produce Ossification of the Arteries, and consequently stop the circulation, which will terminate fatally. In some instances an impression is made on the nervous system, causing Neuralgia, or Tic Doloreaux; in others, causing Rheumatism and Gout, also various cutaneous eruptions. For all these and kindred diseases a remedy has been found, which if timely administered, will relieve and cure the patient. Sands's Sarsaparilla, from its peculiar combination, operating with the laws that govern the animal economy, and aiding the life-preserving principle to overcome disease, will remove and dispel these and similar diseases, and has been found in many thousand cases a sovereign balm, as various testimonials amply testify.

For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of the agents gratis.

Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.

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A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists,
79 Fulton street, New York.

☞ ROBINSON & PETERSON'S MAGAZINE and PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, where all orders for them should be addressed.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us if attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 7th to the 13th August.

August 7, received from			
J. C. Halard	$1 00	C. F. Kienlen	7 00
W. Dunn	1 00	P. W. Simpson	2 00
I. Maddock	2 00	D. Kellogg	1 00
J. Corless	2 00	J. Bartram	3 00
J. G. Sides	2 00	Elijah S. Shreeve	2 25
J. Sawyer	1 00	W. Price	2 00
E. T. M. Roberts	1 00	Mrs. E. J. Cannon	1 50
D. Miller	2 00	I. E. James, agt	68 43
P. M. Pleasant, la.	5 00		
August 8.			
J. Bennett	2 00	C. W. Fanning	10 00
J. McDonald	2 00	Mrs. A. M. Merillat	2 00
H. Cover	1 00	R. W. Jackson	5 00
Dr. B. L. King	2 00	J. H. Woolsey	2 00
J. McIlvaine	3 00	P. M. Harlan	2 00
W. S. Vail	1 00	C. H. Patton	7 00
J. Hicks	11 00	W. B. Daft	4 00
Mrs. Dyerle	3 00		
August 9.			
L. Schellhouse	1 00	H. D. Cook	2 00
Mrs. S. Cowan	2 00	W. Worrell	2 00
J. H. Loring	6 00	E. G. A. Baker	2 00
A. H. Dunn	10 00	R. Evans	3 00
J. W. Converse	5 00	I. Koons	2 00
J. Lagon	1 50	C. Merkle	3 00
B. Taylor	2 00	J. S. Sterling	2 00
B. Johnson	2 00	R. Dales	1 00
D. Levine	4 00	R. W. Blake	5 00
T. H. Roberts	15 00	J. W. Baden	10 00
C. Woodward	2 00	H. W. Donner	5 75
C. Field	2 00	M. A. K. R. Wilkins	2 00
August 10.			
A. W. Seabrook	2 00	W. G. Medary	2 00
Miss B. Blake	2 00	R. Megowan	2 00
W. H. Perry	2 00	Lt. B. Harthin	1 50
Judge A. Jones	2 00	R. N. M. Wells	1 50
C. Crafts	5 00	P. W. Davis	1 00
S. R. Tracy	50	J. H. Lewis	4 00
P. D. Crosby	5 00	H. D. Jeter	2 00
C. A. Ladomus	2 00	C. P. Morris	5 00
G. W. Haralson	11 00	T. W. Marsh	2 00
August 12.			
T. T. Titermary	2 00	S. Mullen	2 00
J. Decamp, Jr.	1 00	M. W. Pruitt	5 00
Dr. D. Burt	2 00	P. Russell	5 00
R. Morris	2 00	J. Speed	5 00
P. K. Edgar	1 00	S. Hunsicker	1 00
L. T. Kidd	1 00	J. Black	1 00
W. Haines	2 00	H. Mann	4 00
W. Briggs	4 00	W. H. Drake	2 00
T. M. Foster	4 00	B. Lawson	4 00
K. N. Gutteau	5 00	W. P. Towner	10 00
Mrs. Booker	2 00	J. H. Carley	2 00
August 13.			
Rev. H. Hagungs	3 00	L. Thompson	8 00
W. A. Pierce, agt	50 00	A. D. Lichener	2 00
D. King	4 00	W. C. Daniels	2 00
L. Pattillo	6 50	E. W. Rives	2 00
R. Corbitt	2 00	H. R. Laveat	4 00
J. Robbins	2 00	D. W. Hale	2 00
A. H. Reynolds	4 00		

From the Exeter N. H. News Letter.

☞ It is a fact, that cannot be denied, by any being living, and known to every person, who ever used Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, that they are the best pills that can be made, for renovating and purifying the blood, and the whole system, they are good for Coughs, Pain in the side, back, head. They have excited a deep and thrilling interest throughout the community. It is difficult to credit our senses, when we see people evidently in a rapid decline, soon restored to perfect health, by the power of this extraordinary medicine, yet this is the fact of daily occurrence.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are acknowledged by the best of medical men to be the best medicine in the world for the cure of every variety of disease, because they cleanse the stomach and bowels of those bilious humors which not only weaken the digestive organs, but cause sleepiness, head-ache, nausea and vomiting, palpitation of the heart, rheumatic pain in the various parts of the body, and many unpleasant symptoms.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that all *Travelling Agents* who sell genuine, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of N. A. Coll. of Health.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston. Also, for sale by Mr. John Thompson, No. 153 Liberty St., Pittsburg.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and beware of travelling impostors.*

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The subscriber has received a supply of this valuable article, which he confidently recommends to the public as the very best in the market.

It is used without a preparation, and produces a jet black and indelible impression if applied according to directions.

EDWARD PARRISH,
1212 Druggist Ninth and Chesnut streets.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK.

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ALEXANDER HARPER,
1212 Wholesale Druggist, No. 45 Market street.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, August 17th, 1844.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	23 dis
Girard do.	1 dis
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	par
Lancaster bank,	par
Far. bk. Lancaster,	par
Lebanon,	½ dis
Harrisburg,	1 dis
Middleton,	1½ dis
Carlisle,	1½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	par
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk, Potts.	1 dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	½ dis
Towanda,	90 dis
York,	1½ dis
Gettysburg,	1½ dis
Chambersburg,	1½ dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	2 dis
" Demand notes,	2 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	2 dis
Berks county bank,	80 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	1½ dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	7 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	30
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do.
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk. Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk, New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk, Buffalo,	55 do
All solvent banks,	½a1
Country banks,	½ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Potsdam Manf. Co.	do
Red Backs,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks *no value.*	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard,	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	½ dis
Exchange on New York,	¼ dis a ½ prem
" Boston,	
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes.	½a1½ dis

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks,	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Fredericktown,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	2 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks, various	prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	par
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Farmers' bk & bra'hs,	1 dis
Valley bk and branch,	1 dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	1 dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	2
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phenix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk of Mill.	
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Rucker Bkg. Co.	
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	11 dis
Small notes,	15 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank,	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	1½ dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	
CANADA.	
Montreal,	

STAMMERING CURED, AND ELOCUTION taught by Dr. A. COMSTOCK, No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia.

☞ Dr. Comstock's System of Elocution is sold in the United States by booksellers generally; in London, by Wiley & Putnam. ap 27-1y*

ALMANAC.

August 1844.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
				D. H. M.
17 SATURDAY,	5 15	[illegible]	4 36	
18 SUNDAY,	5 16	6 44	5 27	
19 MONDAY,	5 17	6 43	6 22	
20 TUESDAY,	5 18	6 42	7 19	
21 WEDNESDAY,	5 19	6 41	8 17	Last 5 10 31
22 THURSDAY,	5 20	6 40	9 18	New 13 9 35
23 FRIDAY,	5 21	6 39	10 19	First 20 9 17
24 SATURDAY,	5 23	6 37	11 18	Full 27 7 34

Married,

On the 13th inst. Joseph T. [illegible], of this city, to Miss Hannah Philip, of New York.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr Watson Freeman, of Nashville, Tenn., to Miss Mary M. Calla, of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Castle, Chas. W. A. Schober, to Mary Ann Lippincott, both of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Frederick Ketchum, Mr Robert S. Meyers, to Miss Elizabeth Runk, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 13th inst. at Athensville, Montgomery county, by the Rev. Daniel Trites, Mr. Joseph Haan, merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Drusilla B. daughter of N. T. Hunt, Esq. of the former place, and late of Philada.

On the 10th ult. at St. John's church, by the Rev. Mr. O'Harra, John J. Munguard, of France, to Miss Mary A. Daltin, of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Robert Adair, Thos. Hanson, of N. Y. to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late Francis V. Bossier, of Southwark.

At Bristol, Pa. on the 7th inst. by the Rev. W. S. Perkins, Jonathan Kirkbride, merchant, of Columbia, Wisconsin, to Miss Mary W. Kirkbride, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. John D. Onins, James M. Nixon, of Philadelphia, to Miss Susanna Boyer, of the State of Delaware.

On the 8th inst. at the M. E. Union Church, by the Rev. Levi Scott, Wm. A. Budd, to Sarah, daughter of the late Edward Gowan, both of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. G. F. J. Jaeger, of Hamburg, Mr Jacob Dietrich, to Miss Eliza Shomo, both of Hamburg.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. Daniel Betz, to Miss Annette Hughes, both of Windsor, Berks co.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. Niclas Braunmueller, to Miss Catharine Mueller, both of Hamburg.

On the 3d inst. by the same, Mr. Johann Landau, of Windsor, to Miss Catharine Stump, of Albany.

On the 8th inst. at Harrisburg, by his Excellency, David R. Porter, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Joshua L. Price, of Philadelphia, to Maria H., daughter of Matthew Wilson, Esq. of Harrisburg.

At Major Farange's, Camden county, North Carolina, on the 5th instant, by E. D. Ferebee, Esq., Mr R. T. H. Halstead, to Miss Frances A. Gardner, only daughter of Commander Wm. H. Gardner, of the U. S. Navy.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Wm. A. Wiggins, Mr. Henry M. Alward, of N. J. to Miss Anna E. Macalla, of Spring Garden.

Died,

On the 13th instant, David Moody, in the 58th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. Mr. Thomas Massey, Sr. of New Castle, Del., in the 65th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. James Ross, son of Saml. and Eliza King, aged 6 months and 7 days.

On the 15th inst. John Johnson.

On the 12th inst. near Pine Grove, Schuylkill county, of consumption, Rebecca C. wife of Geo. W. Matchin, and daughter of the late Gilbert Gaw, of this city.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Ann Pass, aged 66 years.

On the 13th inst. Robert Tate, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. General Saunder, Jr. in the 22d year of his age.

On the 14th inst. Andrew Kieffer, aged 48 years.

On the 12th inst. George W. Turner, aged 18 mos.

On the 13th instant, Mr. Wm. P. Aitteen, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. Miss Mary Humphreys, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. Ann Smick, infant daughter of Wm. and Mary Smick, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Sarah C. Hunter, in the 69th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. Maria Octavia, daughter of the Rev. P. Van Pelt, aged 1 year and 3 months.

On the 7th instant, at the residence of his son, Jacob Wise, in the 82d year of his age, a soldier of the Revolution.

At Liverpool, on a visit, on the 4th of July last, Saml. S. Stone, aged 50 years, a native of England, but for the last 13 years a resident of Philada.

At Louisville, Ky. on the 14th ultimo, Christian Lehman, aged 64 years, formerly of Philada.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. Catharine Coffman, in the 59th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Miss Charlotte P. Eckfeldt, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Edward Wattson, infant son of Benj. R. and Anna Bacon, aged 15 months.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth A. Stratton, wife of Levi Stratton, in the 72d year of her age.

At Baltimore, on the 9th inst. George Grice, Sr. aged 55 years, 8 months and 2 days.

On the 10th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. Christian Strack, in the 65th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the late Wm. Grim, in the 6th year of her age.

In N. Y. on the 10th instant, of congestive fever, Mr. Abraham Wharf, late second officer of brig Sterling, aged 65 years.

On the 10th inst. Peter J. Decker, Esq. in the 69th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Charlotte, wife of Chas. B. Truitt, and daughter of the late Lewis Renneck, in the 26th year of her age.

At Cape May, on the 10th instant, after a short illness, Emily, only child of G. W. and Anne R. Aspinwall, aged 16 months and 26 days.

On the 10th inst. Eleanor, daughter of Thomas and Catharine Mansfield, aged 17 months and 8 days.

At N. Y. on the 12th inst. Capt. Edward Rossiter, in the 58th year of his age, long and favorably known as a ship master from that port.

At Washington, on the 7th inst. George S. Wharton, Esq. of Philadelphia, in the 32d year of his age.

At sea, on the 12th May last, Joseph C. Henry, in the 24th year of his age, and youngest son of Capt. H. Henry, commanding U. S. ship Plymouth, now in the Mediterranean.

On the 9th inst. after a lingering illness, Catharine Hays, aged 64 years, wife of Addis Hays, Sr.

On the 8th inst. Maria Louisa, daughter of Major C. and Lydia A. Johnson, aged 20 months and 23 days.

On the 9th inst. Ann Mann, late of New Brunswick, N. J.

On the 8th inst. Henry Oliver, aged 24 years.

On the 8th inst. Henry Clopp, aged 47 years.

On the 12th instant, of disease of the brain, Richard Ridgway, infant son of Richard and Henrietta R. Fields, of the Cherokee Nation, aged about 2 years.

In Georgetown, Mrs. Mary M. Bomber, at the advanced age of 97 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Sophia Cozens, wife of Mr Archibald Cozens, in the 58th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Wm. Chalmers, Sr. horticulturist, in the 48th year of his age.

HEALTH OFFICE, AUGUST 10, 1844.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington. From the 3d to the 10th of August.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess,	0	1	Brought over,	21	33
Asphyxia,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	3
Croup,	0	2	—Bronchi,	0	1
Congestion of the Lungs,	0	2	—Lungs,	1	0
Cholera Infantum,	0	9	—Stomach and Bowels,	3	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	12	2	—Bladder,	0	1
Convulsions,	1	6	—Kidneys,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	0	2	—Peritonæum,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0	Inanition,	0	1
—Head,	0	1	Jaundice,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Marasmus,	0	7
—Stomach,	1	0	Scrofula,	0	2
Dysentery,	1	0	Sore Mouth,	0	1
Debility,	1	5	Still Born,	0	2
Effusion on Brain,	0	1	Teething,	0	1
Fever, Bilious,	1	0	Ulceration of Bowels,	1	0
—Intermittent,	1	0	Ulceration of Throat,	1	0
—Typhoid,	1	0	Unknown,	1	3
Hæmorrhage,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	3
Carried over,	21	33	Total,	92—31	61

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 10 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug.	4,	74	82	80
	5,	70	74	76
	6,	69	77	79
	7,	73	77	80
	8,	72	80	84
	9,	80	86	85
	10,	81	79	79

GRAHAM'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, where all the CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be obtained. Orders addressed to ROBINSON & PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

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HAVE FOR SALE, AT THE LOWEST PRICES, a great variety of works in every department of literature, American and Foreign. Their assortment comprises the best works on MEDICINE, SURGERY, and the collateral sciences. Also, all the most popular standard and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, together with a large and valuable collection of SCHOOL AND JUVENILE BOOKS.

W. D. T. & Co. have lately selected in England a very superior lot of

OXFORD BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS,

including every size printed at the famous University Press. Many of those just imported are richly Bound in Morocco and Velvet, with Clasps.

A supply of very superior STATIONARY may always be obtained by applying as above.

NOTICE. PHYSICIANS are invited to call at or send to the Store, corner of Washington and School Streets, and receive a Catalogue. The Medical Books are classified and arranged in a convenient part of the room, where they can be examined. Students attending the Lectures, will have a good opportunity to provide themselves with the latest and best Text-Books, by applying as above, at low prices. aug 3 tf

BOOTS AND SHOES BY THE PACKAGE,
CHEAP FOR CASH.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS PREPARED to sell good quality BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS of every description, as low as they can be bought of the manufacturers.

Purchasers are requested to examine the market, and then call at No. 69 Chesnut below Third street, Philada.

jan 6 1y* THOMAS L. EVANS.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8 STATE STREET, BOSTON, OF GRAHAM & CHRISTY, Number 2, ASTOR HOUSE NEW YORK.

OF ROBINSON & JONES, NO. 121 MAIN ST. above THIRD ST. CINCINNATI.

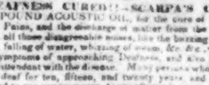
J. W. COOK, No. 85 FOURTH St. PITTSBURGH.

OF MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts., Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

feb 10-1y* ANDREW K. CHAMBERS.



DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

Read the following from the Philada. Public Ledger:

"*Have you ever tried it?*—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is that it cures you without producing any pain."

The Editor of the Philadelphia Forum thus speaks of the medicine:

"*Valuable Article.*—Scarpa's Acoustic Oil is said by those who have had occasion to use it, to be an excellent medicine in cases of deafness arising from colds or other causes. We know a young lady who not long since was almost immediately relieved by it, and the certificate of Mr. Daniel Graeff is an unanswerable testimony of its efficacy."

And again from the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

"*Important for the Deaf.*—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness*. We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and of course know its value."

Here is something worth attending to, coming, as it does, from a man so extensively known as is Mr. Graeff, both in the city and country.

"I hereby certify, that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises, like ringing of bells, &c., which gradually increased, until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to use Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine, I can hear as well as ever, and all disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case, will be gladly given, by calling on me at 45½ North Fifth street, near Race.

Philada., Nov. 11, 1843." DANIEL GRAEFF.

READ WHAT SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL HAS DONE!!!—The greatest cure every yet performed by any medicine. It never fails!

From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker.

West Troy, June 3, 1844.

This is to certify that I, Willard Jenks, proprietor of the West Troy Exchange Hotel, having been afflicted with deafness in one ear for the last twenty years, and in the other for the last year, so that it was impossible for me to hear the loudest voice, and after trying various remedies without improving my hearing in the least, I was induced to try Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil for the cure of Deafness, and it is with great gratification I am enabled to state that it has perfectly restored my hearing, and I will be happy to see any person who wishes for information in relation to my case, at my place, in West Troy.

aug 17-eowtf) WILLARD JENKS.

A great number of certificates and other testimonials may be seen by calling at Dr. D. Jayne's, No. 20 South Third street, or B. B. Gumpert, No. 120 North Second street, Philadelphia, where the medicine is for sale, wholesale or retail. Also at A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York; Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover streets, Boston, Mass.; S. S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.; P. M. Cohen & Co. Charleston, S. C.; Sickles & Co., New Orleans, La.; B. F. Ellis, Dayton, Ohio; J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati, Ohio; B. F. Adams, St. Louis, Mo.; A. Carter, Portland, Me.; W. F. Pierce, Albany, N. Y.; W. K. Kitchen, Augusta, Ga.; A. Jayne's, Pittsburg, Pa.; Tomlinson & Brothers, Indianapolis, Ind., and in most of the principal cities in the United States.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THIS MARKING Ink, is now very generally acknowledged by the Druggists and consumers of the article in Philadelphia and New York, a large number of whom have already tested it, as may be seen by their advertisements, and have pronounced it superior to any other indelible ink, whether of domestic or foreign make. The whole process of marking may be completed in three minutes, even at midnight, if desirable. It is called Barnhill's Indelible Ink, after the Christian name of one of our firm, who invented it. Manufactured and for sale by

POTTS, LINN & HARRIS,
Wholesale Druggists, No. 213½ Market St. Philad.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK.—Constantly on hand a full supply of this celebrated Marking Ink, which requires no previous preparations of the cloth, and when properly used produces a beautiful black almost instantly. For sale by GRIGG & ELLIOTT,
Booksellers and Stationers, No. 9 north 4th st.

From the United States Gazette of March 13th.

INDELIBLE INK.—Messrs. Potts, Linn & Harris, No. 213½ Market, above Fifth, manufacture and have for sale among articles in their line of business as druggists, an admirable Ink truly indelible. It will, by its beauty and the simplicity of its use, commend itself to the regard of those who like to set a mark upon their apparel, and would like that mark neat and plain.

From the Editors of the North American of March 16.

INDELIBLE INK.—We have tried some of Barnhill's Indelible Ink and cheerfully recommend it to all those wishing to mark on linen or cotton. It runs freely and requires no previous preparation. It is for sale by Messrs. Potts, Linn & Harris, No. 213½ Market street.

Copy of an advertisement of April 10th.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK.—Just received a supply of this celebrated Ink, and having tested it thoroughly, I am prepared to warrant it equal, if not superior to any made in the United States, or of the imported.

ALEXANDER HARPER,
Wholesale Druggist, Market St. above 10th.

Copy of an advertisement of April 27th.

BARNHILL'S SUPERIOR IDELIBLE INK.—The subscriber has received a supply of this valuable article, which he confidently recommends to the public as the very best in the market. It is used without a preparation, and produces a jet black and indelible impression, if applied according to directions.

EDWARD PARRISH'S
Drug and Chemical Store,
N. W. corner of 9th and Chesnut sts.

From the New York True Sun of June 28th, 1844.

INDELIBLE INK.—An admirable article of this description is advertised for sale in our columns. See the advertisement of Mr. Barnhill. Those who have tried it say it is the best they ever used.

From the Philadelphia Native American of June 24th.

INDELIBLE INK.—We have had occasion to use some indelible ink for the purpose of marking linen. We tried Barnhill's, and we freely and cheerfully recommend it to families, as an article answering every purpose of its design.

It requires no previous preparation, or trouble for use, and it communicates freely to linen or cotton with a common pen.

It is to be had at the store of Messrs. Potts, Linn & Harris, 213½ Market street.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK.—Constantly on hand a supply of this justly celebrated MARKING INK, which I have tested, and believe to be equal to the best indelible ink in the United States. It is used without a preparation, and will produce a beautiful black in a few minutes after its application. For sale wholesale, at the manufacturer's lowest prices, at

WM. D. PARRISH'S
Paper, Book, and Stationary Store, No. 4 North Fifth Street, above Market.

From the Evening Mercury of June 15th.

BARNHILL'S SUPERIOR MARKING INK.—The proprietor of Barnhill's Indelible Ink, advertised in our paper to-day, has left a specimen with us for examination. We brought it to the test of experiment, and believe it to be the best article of the kind now in use. It can be used at the shortest notice, and by the most unpractised hand; and in clearness and beauty is unapproachable. We recommend it to the ladies with perfect confidence.

aug 17-eow3t

HEALTH SECURED BY WORSDELL'S VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS, which has obtained the approbation and recommendations of thousands.

Read the following extracts from certificates and recommendatory letters which have been voluntarily forwarded to the proprietor.

CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Mrs. Hannah Middleton, Mount Holly, N. J., writes that she was afflicted with the Inflammatory Rheumatism for nine months, and was attended by three eminent physicians, whose prescriptions failed in relieving her suffering. She was unable to walk, and lost the use of one hand. Dr. Grant, of Philadelphia, was of opinion that she would never recover the use of her hand. Mrs. M. remained in this state until she read Worsdell's Pamphlet, which induced her to try Worsdell's Vegetable Restorative Pills. When she had used the Pills five days, the pain left her, and she gradually recovered the use of her hand. She is now perfectly restored by a persevering use of Worsdell's Pills. MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., 1st 3d Mo., 1844.

WORM CASE.

Mr. Tunis Q. Barcroft, 107 Old York Road, Philadelphia, stated that one of his neighbors procured a box of Worsdell's Pills, and administered one dose to her child, which brought away 150 worms. The child was subjected to fits, but since using the Pills, it has enjoyed sound health.

CURE OF BOWEL COMPLAINT.

Mr. Samuel Swope, merchant, Frankford, Penna., was cured in a short time of the Bowel Complaint by Worsdell's Pills.

CURE OF INFLUENZA.

Mr. James Rigley, 220 South Fifth street, Philadelphia, was cured of the Influenza by Worsdell's Pills.

CURE OF RHEUMATISM.

Mr. George Sawyer, butcher, Walnut street, Harrisburg, Pa., suffered eight months with Rheumatic pains of the most agonizing description. He was cured by Worsdell's Pills when other remedies had failed.

CURE OF SICK HEADACHE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Weiler, near Beartown, Lancaster co., Pa., was cured of Sick Headache and loss of appetite. Mrs. W. states that since they commenced using Worsdell's Pills, as a family medicine, they have not required the services of a physician.

Worsdell's Pills, if taken in time, cure all diseases by Purifying the Blood.

None are genuine except the following fac similes are attached to each box:—Wm. Worsdell, Proprietor. J. Worsdell, Sen., and Geo. Pearson, Manager.

Price, Twenty-five Cents a box, containing fifty Pills.

Doctor WORSDELL respectfully informs the public that he has removed his office from Jenkintown, Montgomery county, Pa., to the city of Baltimore, where all letters in future must be addressed.

AGENTS IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

G. B. Zieber & Co., Ledger Building, corner of THIRD and CHESNUT Street, are appointed wholesale agents, and retail by the following:

J. M. Fisher, 216 South FIFTH STREET.
T. E. Pryor, Druggist, corner of SEC. and POPLAR.
E. Prowattain, cor. of FOURTH and MARKET.
Richards & Osbourne, cor. 13th and MARKET.
J. W. Brown, corner of NINTH and LOCUST.
J. W. Smith, SOUTH, one door above SECOND.
T. Q. Barcroft, 107 OLD YORK ROAD.
Isaac Brooks, corner of ELEVENTH and VINE.
R. C. Harris, cor. of FOURTH and CALLOWHILL.
Walker & Wallace, corner of COATES and FRONT.
M. Woodruff, corner of RACE and FRONT.
J. Blackie, corner of QUEEN and FRONT.
Leidy & Hauberger, corner of POPLAR and FIFTH.
J. Rich, corner of PARISH and SIXTH.
G. W. Stull, POPLAR above TENTH.
W. Glover, corner of SPRING GARDEN and RIDGE ROAD.
H. B. Pierson, 200 South SECOND.
J. Dunlop, N. W. corner of NINTH and SOUTH.
R. Lamberton, cor. of Schuylkill SEVENTH and MARKET.
T. Reily, CALLOWHILL above BROAD.

KENSINGTON.

T. Buck, corner of FRANKLIN and SECOND.
J. Crowder, cor. of THOMPSON and FOURTH.
E. T. Tyson, cor. of 6th and GERMANTOWN ROAD.
J. Mattis, corner of MASTER and N. SECOND.
A. Moffet, BEACH STREET.
J. W. Armstrong, corner of QUEEN and WOOD.
NORRISTOWN—Moore & Lukens.
CAMDEN, N. J.—I. K. Cooperthwait.
WILMINGTON, DEL.—R. Chadwick. aug 19-eow1y

Selected Poetry.

THE DYING CHILD.

The night shade had crept o'er the distant hill,
'Twas spring, and the eve was cold and chill,
The lone winds whistled o'er mount and steep,
And the day-bird lay in his nest asleep,
When a fond young mother with aspect mild,
Wept as she gazed on her dying child.

With an eye too bright for a form of clay,
In its mother's arms the infant lay,
With its head on her bosom pillowed, where
Stream'd its long tresses of golden hair,
Like struggling sunbeams of softest glow,
Tinging the splendor of stainless snow.

Not a thing in that lonesome chamber stirr'd,
Not a whisper rose,—not a voice was heard,
Nor a sound, save the gasp of the parting breath,
And the struggling sigh that heralds death,
The spell of that painful stillness broke,
Till startling and sudden the doom'd one spoke.

"You remember a quiet green spot of ground,
Where the moss and the wild rose grow thickly around,
And a tall, broad oak, in its grandeur throws
Its cool shade alike o'er moss and rose.
Away from the hot sun's scorching glare,—
Oh! when I am dead let me slumber there!

"Mother! oh, mother! my eye grows dim,—
Did'st thou not hear yon distant hymn?
Earth knows not the sound,—'twas an angel's tongue
Those kind words spoke, those soft strains sung:
Calm and commanding, I see him now,
With the stamp of love on his dazzling brow.

"How beautiful! mother—his form divine!
How glistening and bright his white robes shine!
Oh! sweet is the smile of his deep blue eye!—
Kiss me, dear mother, before I die!
From a cloud at that moment, one star came peeping,
And the soul of the child with its God was sleeping.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Youth, that pursuest with such eager pace
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race;
Then stay! oh, stay!

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain:
Loiter—enjoy,
Once past, thou never wilt come back again
A second boy.

The hills of Manhood wear a noble face,
When seen from afar:
The mist of light from which they take their grace,
Hides what they are.

The dark and dreary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know,
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow.

Pause, while thou may'st, nor deem that fate thy gain,
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain
A man at last.

Biography.

LIFE OF LEWIS WAY.

BY PROF. C. A. GOODRICH.

[The following biography may truly be said to illustrate the trite line that "truth is stranger than fiction." It is taken from the Christian Parlor Magazine for August. The writer was led to the chapel of Mr. Way during his first Sunday in Paris.]

A friend conducted me to the chapel of the Rev. Mr. Lewis Way. Mr. Way was an English clergyman, whose life had been full of remarkable incidents, on which I cannot now dwell. Suffice it to say, that he was a poor Scottish boy, born of pious parents, who went up to London at the age of sixteen, to seek his fortune. Passing a splendid mansion, soon after his arrival, he saw on the door-plate the name *Lewis Way*; and was led by a singular and almost irresistible impulse, to ring and inquire whether the person who thus bore his name, was a native of Scotland, or had any knowledge of his parents. The servant reported the strange inquiry to his master; and the gentleman, though from another part of the kingdom, struck with the simplicity of the youth, and the coincidence of their names, directed him to be called in. The house he entered had a richness of furniture and decoration, far beyond his largest conceptions of splendor and magnificence. It was the dwelling of a gentleman of princely fortune, already advanced in years, and possessing every means of enjoyment but one—he had no family, no near relatives; he was alone in the world. This made him curious to inquire into the character of his young namesake. He held him in conversation for some hours, and drew out from him the history of his parents, of his early education, taste, and habits, his object in coming to London, the persons to whom he was introduced, and the lodging place where he lived. Toward the close of these inquiries, he rang for a servant, and after giving him a message in a low tone, resumed the conversation with young Way, and held him some time longer in discourse on various topics, till the servant returned, and in a suppressed voice, made some report to his master, which was received with a nod of approbation.

The gentleman, after a few moments, asked young Way, whether he had any taste for paintings; and proposed to show him some rare productions of the most celebrated Italian masters, which adorned the ample staircase and the halls above. He led him from one piece to another, taking an evident and strong delight in laying open to the young mind before him, which was one of uncommon sensibility and natural taste, the refined beauties of composition and coloring, in these admirable specimens of art. He then led him forward till at length he threw open the door of a richly furnished lodging room on the second floor, and invited him to enter. Here young Way saw with great surprise, his own little, worn, rusty valise lying on the table; while the gentleman, to whom he turned, addressed him, "This is your apartment while you remain unemployed. I will endeavor, if you deserve it, to provide you some useful and honorable occupation in life." I need not dwell on the gratitude of the young man, or the care and penetration with which his sagacious benefactor watched his habits and the pointings of his intellect, as he held him back from time to time, in respect to any immediate entrance upon business. At length, when he was satisfied that it might safely be done, he offered young Way to carry him through the University with a view to putting him into the ministry, to which the wishes of both pointed, as his employment for life.

The proposal was joyfully accepted; and Mr. Way, after the requisite course of preparatory study, became a member of the University of Cambridge; where he was distinguished for the activity of his mind, his diligent application and unaffected piety. Just at the close of his collegiate course he was sent for, in great haste, to come up to London; his benefactor had been suddenly taken ill, and was already in the agonies of death. He arrived too late; he came only to look on the venerable countenance now fixed in death, of one who had always met him with a smile of joy, and to whom he owed almost everything he was, or hoped to be in this life. When the funeral was over, and the will was read, he found himself, to his astonishment, heir of his benefactor's estate. He had never been promised anything beyond a country-living; and the intelligence now burst upon him, that he was owner of that splendid mansion, with a property of about seven hundred thousand pounds sterling! Fifteen or twenty servants now appeared before him, to offer their congratulations, and acknowledge him as their master. The groom conducted him to a stud of sixteen chosen horses, with carriages of every kind and fashion, which stood ready at his call. The confidential agent of his benefactor laid before him a schedule of his numerous stocks and other securities; and then took him in an open carriage, through one part and another of the metropolis, pointing out to him long rows of dwelling-houses, or stores, and telling him, "These, sir, are all your own!"

Mr. Way was naturally a man of a very excitable temperament, and the shock of that day was too much for him. The next thing of which he was conscious, as he told a friend who related to me his story, was of finding himself at a small neat cottage in a retired village of Kent, under the care of keepers, where, as he afterwards learned, he had been confined for some months in a state of high but pleasurable derangement. His reason gradually returned to him, and with it the distinct consciousness of the scenes through which he had passed, and which had, at first, appeared to him as a long bewildering dream. The wealth which had fallen to him did not diminish, in the least, his desire for entering into the ministry. He took orders a few months after, and proved to be a preacher of uncommon power and tenderness. He was married to an accomplished and beautiful woman of similar taste and principles to his own, and in common with her, devoted himself with unwearied assiduity to works of benevolence.

Mr. Way's benefactor had always felt a peculiar anxiety for the conversion of the Jews; and he made it a provision of his will, that a part of the income of his estate should be expended for the benefit of this unhappy people. This led Mr. Way to visit Jerusalem, and to extend his efforts for the good of this persecuted race, into most of the countries of Europe. With this view, he went to the council of Vienna, after the fall of Bonaparte, and endeavored to procure from the allied sovereigns, through the intervention of the British Ministry, a removal of some of the burdens and disabilities, under which the Jews everywhere labored. He then returned to Paris, and resolved to make it the centre of numerous plans of benevolence on the continent, upon which his heart was fixed. Accordingly, he purchased for about six hundred thousand francs, a splendid establishment, once a place of public amusement, fronting on the *Champs Elysees*, which, I need not say, is the most frequented and beautiful place of resort in that capital, adjoining the palace of the King. A building connected with the establishment, and used as a dancing saloon, he resolved to convert into a chapel for services in the English tongue. Accordingly, he had it beautifully fitted up with pulpit and seats of English oak, brought for the purpose across the channel; and either supplied the pulpit himself, or provided a chaplain, who officiated in his room. It was truly the most delightful place of worship I ever entered; especially when taken in connection with the knowledge I had of the man, and the associations which clustered round the place. Such, then, was Lewis Way, and such the chapel he had opened for the English and Americans; to which I was conducted by a friend, through all the gaieties of a Parisian Sabbath, as my first place of worship after the sufferings and privations of my protracted voyage.

We were rather late in the arriving, for my residence was two miles off. The room was crowded with persons evidently of high rank, and of polished manners. As we stood for a moment at the door; in some little embarrassment as to a seat, a gentleman at the other end of the chapel, kindly came forward, and conducted us to a place by his side. The services had already commenced; the organ was touched by a skillful hand, which had obviously been trained in other scenes; and the whole audience were beginning to unite in a song of Zion. The accents of my native tongue sounded doubly sweet in the worship of the sanctuary, as contrasted with the foreign voices which fell everywhere on my ear, without the chapel. The services were all performed with the tenderness and solemnity of those who felt the blessedness of drawing near to God; and who felt it the more because they were "strangers in a strange land." Upon me, in my feeble state of body, the effect was overpowering. The reader will not think it a proof of weakness, that I wept almost without restraint during the whole service, and especially the communion which followed, if he considers the scenes of trial through which I had just passed, the associations connected with that little chapel, transformed from a ball room into the sanctuary of God, and the contrast between our employment and that of thousands around us who were wasting their Sabbath in thoughtless gaiety, sweeping through the Champs Elysees past our quiet retreat, utterly regardless of that Redeemer on whom our hearts were fixed in sweet and holy communion. It was to me indeed, "the gate of heaven;" and much as I have enjoyed the worship of the sanctuary in various parts of the world, I have never known a season which took so deep a hold on my feelings, as *my first Sabbath in Paris*, in the chapel of Lewis Way.

BLANNERHASSET.

The following article, which we cut from the St. Louis Register, destroys much of the romance with which the eloquence of Wirt has clothed "Blannerhasset's Island." But it must be acknowledged that the history of Lewis Carr, is quite as full of adventure and interest as any thing we have been accustomed to surmise or to believe, relative to Blannerhasset. It shifts the onus, too, to consider Carr the projector of the Mexican exhibition, instead of Burr—Burr the victim, instead of Blannerhasset. The high wrought picture of connubial bliss and almost primeval innocence of which the island was the scene before the reputed *tempter*, but now alleged *tempted*, arrived there, is considerably clouded by the character of the occupants, as alleged in this narrative. On the whole, however, in all the points of startling incident and dramatic changes, the new story is certainly quite equal to the old.

The editor of the Register, expresses full confidence in his informant who furnished this narrative; and the writer professes to have derived it from the U. S. Vice Consul, on one of the Saltkey Bahama Islands. This Vice Consul was fully acquainted with Blannerhasset, under his real name. He read law with him when both were young, and after the attempted invasion of Mexico was frustrated, and Blannerhasset disappeared, he was his law partner in the West Indies for twenty years. He was familiar with all the history of Burr's connection with Blannerhasset, or Carr, in the United States, and the writer has no doubt that Lewis Carr was, really and truly the Blannerhasset whom Wirt has immortalized in one of the most touching passages of eloquence ever delivered at the American bar. What a pity, as the children say, when they get to the end of an interesting story, that it isn't true! But to the extract:

Who was Blannerhasset? and what has become of him? Having lately seen in the New York and Philadelphia papers, several fictitious notices of this celebrated personage, is the apology which the writer of this article offers for giving what he believes to be the true history of this man's career, and final exit from the troubles of this world—which will be much easier to do than to write a highly colored picture of things which never existed except in the fancy of some novel reader. The authority for the facts herein disclosed by the writer, is believed to be authentic, and of the highest character. In the first place, who was Blannerhasset? In answer to this question, our information is, that it was an assumed name by an individual whose true name was Lewis Carr, who was born in Ireland, as has always been stated. His family were highly respectable, and an elder brother filled the station of Secretary to the Governor of Calcutta, in the East Indies, to which place young Lewis went as ensign in the engineer department, where he remained about two years, in which time he was engaged in several scrapes and intrigues, which finally compelled him to resign his commission, and seek a place of refuge in the city of Kingston, in the Island of Jamaica, where he read law and commenced the practice, and also engaged in merchandise, by which means, and a secret connection with the buccaneers and pirates who hovered round the West India Islands and on the coast of Mexico, he amassed a splendid fortune, which he spent with equal profusion. While employed in this business, he frequently visited Mexico, and became acquainted with many of the leading men who were preparing the way for a revolution, which Carr foresaw must break out in a short time, and being a bold, unprincipled intriguer, he was perpetually engaged in difficulties, of one kind or another, until, shortly before he came to the United States, an intrigue with the wife of one of the wealthy citizens of Kingston, then made that place too hot for him, and he sold out his property and came to the United States, and landed at New Orleans, and from thence to Louisville, Kentucky, where or in the section, he purchased some property, and finally located himself on the celebrated Island in the Ohio River, near Marietta. This move took place about the year 1803 or '4. When he reached New Orleans, he assumed the name of Blannerhasset. The beautiful and accomplished lady who accompanied and lived with him, was not his wife. She was young, and had many fascinating accomplishments, which made her more worthy of Blannerhasset than he was of her. Col. Burr saw Blannerhasset early in the year 1805, and instead of Burr's seducing him, there can be no doubt that Colonel Burr received from him such an account of Mexico, its wealth, and disposition for revolution, as seduced him into the project of invading it, and the question as to who should be the great man, was one reserved by Lewis Carr (Blannerhasset) until future events should develope themselves; as Carr always declared to his friends that he intended Col. Burr as the military leader who was to advance him to the supreme command in Mexico.

The movements of Col. Burr and Blannerhasset in the United States during the year 1805 and '9, are already known, and of course need not be detailed in this statement.

After their projected invasion of Mexico had failed, and Blannerhasset had broken up at this Island, he returned to New Orleans, where he left the lady who had been his companion, and embarked for the Island of New Providence, one of the Bahamas, in the West Indies, and settled at Nassau, its capital, and re-commenced the practice of law. In a short time he obtained a lucrative practice, and married a lady of one of the most respectable families in that place, and was soon after disturbed by a visit from his Blannerhasset Island companion, who gave him much trouble before he could get her to retire in peace, which she did, and soon after returned to the United States, and is now believed to be a resident of the Southern States. When settled in Nassau, he resumed his true name of Lewis Carr, and soon acquired a handsome living; but his restless spirit and intriguing disposition, kept him constantly involved in difficulties, and his treatment of his wife was cruel in the extreme; yet by taking sides with the government, he was elected to the Assembly of the Bahamas and was chosen its speaker about 1829. This was his last elevation to notice; by his treatment to his wife and his continual debaucheries and seductions—as no money which he could command ever stopped his progress—during the year 1831 and '32, he became so embarrassed that he was obliged to leave the island, and once more returned to Kingston, in Jamaica, from which place in 1833, he once more came to the United States, and landed at Philadelphia under his true name, Lewis Carr. It is believed that he, for the last time, visited Col. Burr, and soon after was taken sick and died in obscurity in the city of Philadelphia. At least, this is the belief of his wife and his friends at Nassau.

Thus ended the life of this bold and restless spirit, which, from his entrance on public life until his death, was one continual scene of adventures. The years he lived at Nassau were filled up with intrigue of a personal character, but from the time he left the United States in 1807 until 1833, he never resided in any other place than the Island of Providence.

Sacred Poetry.

AHAB.

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

II. Chronicles, xviii.

A day of splendor dawneth on thy towers,
Princely Samaria! From dome to dome
Leaps the bright flash that heraldeth the sun!
Thy walls, whose frowning battlements are stern
From time and war; thy shiny turrets' tops;
Thy palaces, the pride of Israel
And royal Ahab, and thy massy gates,
Whose lofty fronts are wrought with storied brass,
All lift a pompous welcome to the morn.
The sun of Palestine is still below
The unwaked mountains, yet the gorgeous East
Lighteth the curtains of her glory up
With majesty unutterable. See!
The conscious landscape, from the far-seen vale
Of Jordan on to Lebanon, lifts up
Its thousand hills to catch the golden hues
Of heaven-born beauty as they glow beyond!
There is a murmur as of breaking rest
In the proud Capital, and struggling forms
Infrequent pace the ramparts—it may be
Of drowsy sentinels alert again,
As the throng stirs below them, or attempts
Th' unopened portals.
Hark! a brazen voice
Swells from the valley, like the clarion
That calls to battle. Skirting all the hills,
Speeds the blithe tone, and wakes an answer up
In rock and forest, till the vale hath talked
With all its tongues, and in the fastnesses
Of the far dingle, faint and fainter heard,
Dies the last sullen echo. 'Tis the trump
That breaks the bivouac of an untold host—
Thy warrior sons, oh Israel! Lo! their tents
Whiten the green declivities that gird
The royal city; and the gray of dawn
Blends the vast group into a boundless field
Of snowy canvass. Summoning the brave,
A voice hath passed from Dan to Beersheba:
The pride of Palestine hath heard—the prince,
The valiant and the mighty, youth and strength,
And veteran age have burnished shield and spear,
And buckled on their armor at the call:
For AHAB warreth—the uncircumcised
Have scoffed the high-souled Hebrew—e'en the blest
Jehoshaphat hath sworn to help, and leagued
His people with idolaters to fight
The haughty Syrian.
Morning's eye hath sped,
And the sun seeks the zenith. Oh! the sight
His splendor looks on in this favored land,
Whereon, though grievous are its sins, the curse
Of the Almighty lingereth to fall!
Oh! who, to see the glory of its hills,
Its streams, its pastures, and its plains, where now
A matchless verdure smiles; its ancient groves;
Its cities walled, and towers of strength; its sons,
Countless as flocks that sport in happiness
Midst the green beauty of the fields, could dream
The Gentile's sword should mar its gorgeousness,
And spread its ashes to the winds of Heaven!

The mustered legions wait their leaders. There
Stand in their burnished panoply the flower
Of all the tribes, their myriad numbers ranged
In bannered majesty. Above their lines,
Forth to the fitful breeze the standard sheets
Of gathered Israel are all unfurled.
Here floats the pictured vine of Ephraim,
And here Dan's serpent hisses. Naphtali!
Thy stag leaps almost living in the folds
That overshade thy warriors. There the wolf
Of Benjamin doth ravin on his field
Of canvass, bounding in a graphic rage—
Apt emblem of the iron men who fight
Beneath the pennon. While in the broad van,
See Judah's rampant lion roars in wrath!
Wo to the foe that hears his bellowings!

• • • • • • • • •

The prophet's eye was wandering, and he stood
As lost in reverie. In long suspense
They looked with growing fearfulness upon
His deep abstraction. Seemed that awful gaze
In Revelation's mystic light to read
The fate of nations. Heralded at length
By sigh profound, thus broke his voice of wail—
"As sheep upon the mountains desolate,
I saw all Israel lost and shepherdless!
Wo waits the wanderers! Ah, many a tent
Beneath the vine tree mourns its lord in vain,
Who lies unsepulchered on Gilead's plains!
The widow's lamentation goeth up
From 'Hamath's entering in' to Egypt's stream!
To-morrow, Israel's throne shall lack a king—
To-morrow, and the blood of Naboth cries
No more from his dark burial unavenged—
To-morrow, Ahab shall be lured to doom!"
"Hence to the prison, prater! Guard! away!
And be the meat of sore affliction his,
Till Israel, laden with his trophied spoil,
Triumphs, and gives his prophecy the lie."

Now goes the royal mandate forth—"To arms!"
Samaria's length and breadth, wall, streets, and gates
Bustle with warriors. Iron-girded men
In fast-formed ranks haste downward to the plain.
The palace swarms with officers who wait
The monarch's orders; while through the thronged ways,
Steeds, with the speed of wind, and breath of fire,
Hurl the dun chariot with thunder on.
The shouts of legioned myriads, and the clang
Of thousand battle trumpets rend the air;
For the leagued Kings are to the hosts gone down.

Oh, who may tell the majesty wherewith
Those armies move beneath their monarchs' eyes!
The spears are lifted—banners to the breeze
Are thrown, and helm and buckler with a blaze
Of splendor mock the sunbeam. Judah holds
The glorious van, and like a long live stream,
With measured stateliness, within a gorge
That breaks the mountain Eastward, tribe by tribe,
The martial train wheels, flashes, disappears.
The sun is low above Gath Rimmon's top,
As the last phalanx passes from the view,
And of that multitude his latest beam
Sees in the valley not a lingerer.

• • • • • • • • •

Another bright day's sunset bathes the hills
That gird Samaria. Their green and gold
Sleep in their soft, unsullied lustre still,
As though Earth knew no grief forevermore.
Ah! that is not the voice of joy that comes
From the walled Capital. It is the wail
Of lone bereavement; for all Israel mourns.
See, straggling o'er the mountain's back, the wrecks
Of yester-morn's illustrious hosts of war,
Inglorious, fugitive, ashamed, alone,
And soiled with battle, dust, defeat, and blood.
'Neath Ephraim's vines the voice of minstrelsy
And mirth is hushed, and sorrowing maidens lift
The loud lament—"How are the mighty fallen!"
Husbands, and sires, and sons, and brothers went
To the leagued slaughter forth with pride and song.
But ah! there dawns no light on their return!
And the eye aches with weeping as it looks
Toward fatal Gilead's fields whereon they lie.
Weep, for the sword of the uncircumcised
Hath thinned the chosen people! Trailed and torn
Are Israel's banners, and the Syrian
Hath trodden down her plumes! Weep, for the throne
Hath lost its monarch, and the kingless tribes
Mourn valiant Ahab, who shall war no more—
Samaria's pool hath drunk his royal blood!"—*Tribune.*
Stockbridge, Mass.

Our Scrap Book.

☞ An itinerant dentist lately called at a house in one of the far west towns, and applied for business. "Don't you want your teeth drawn?" says he to the owner. "No." "Don't your wife?" "No." "None of the children?" "No." "Can't you give me some sort of a job?" asked the dentist. "Why," replied the man, "I have an old *cross cut saw* the *teeth* of which are out of order. You can have a job if you'll fix 'em!"

☞ A sign over a cobbler's shop, in the village of Heeolton, in New Wales, has on it the following words:—"Pryce Dyer, cobler, daler in Bocer, bacon and ginger bred; egs laid every morning and very good Pradis—in the sumer gentlemen and lady can have good tae and crumpets and strawberry and crame—with skim milk because I can't get no crame.—N. B. shuse and boots mended very well."

☞ "Such is the pressure of the times in our town," said a Birmingham manufacturer to his agent in London, "that we have good workmen who get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings." "Pooh! that is nothing compared to London," replied his friend, "we have boys who will get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence."

☞ There is a story told of the late Lord Mansfield, when Chief Justice of the King's Bench, that he thus retorted upon a counsel, who, in a marked and angry tone, told him that he entirely differed with him, in law and opinion; his Lordship replied, "To be sure you do! I know that very well! You are paid to do so!"

☞ An exceeding tall gentleman was walking with a very short friend in the midst of a heavy shower, when the latter observed, "Bill, ain't it coming down?" Bill, lifting his shoulders still higher, said, "I don't know how it may be with you, but it's raining like blazes up here!"

☞ At an inquest on a drowned person, held last week at Edmonton, there was some evidence that the deceased had been in a state of destitution, and thereupon one of the jurymen wished to return as his verdict, "Found drowned for want of necessary food!"

☞ A dandy, who wanted the milk passed to him at one of our taverns, thus asked for it: "Landlady, please pass your cow down this way." To whom the landlady thus retorted: "Waiter, take the *cow* down where the *calf* is bleating."

☞ A new work has just been published, entitled "*The Afflicted Man's Companion.*" The best companion we know of for an afflicted man, is an amiable woman. We'll back her against anything.—*Uncle Sam.*

☞ Uncle Sam says if a young lady slaps your face you may be sure there's something in the wind. You may "pop the question" as quick as you please. The ladies don't do *such* things for nothing.

☞ A person thinly dressed on a very hot day, sitting down in a violent perspiration, was cautioned against catching cold. "Catch it!" said he, wiping his face, "where? I wish I could catch it."

☞ "You are a coward," said a low Londoner to a poor countryman who had refused to fight. "No I beant," said the countryman, "I have nothing to do with cows, I am a shepherd."

☞ The booksellers are advertising a book of "Fairy Leg-ends." It must have some curious *feet*-ures about it, the Louisville Courier thinks.

☞ Why is a young lady just from a boarding school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

☞ An exchange paper gives the following effusion of some inspired poet:

I kissed the tiny hand I held,
I pressed the fairy form,
I vowed I'd shield her from the blast,
And from the world's cold storm:
She raised her melting eyes to mine,
They were filled with drops of wo;
With quivering lip she faintly said:
"*Now, darn ye, let me go!*"

☞ A "notion seller" was offering Yankee clocks, finely varnished and colored, and with a looking-glass in front, to a certain lady not remarkable for personal beauty. "Why, it's beautiful," said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!" said the lady. "Then, marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better buy one that hain't got no looking-glass."

☞ The wonders of corn cutting will never cease. The other day a travelling chiropodist not only extracted a corn from a gentleman's foot, but actually succeeded in removing a "Bunyan" from a bookcase, without the owner being aware of it.

☞ A Yankee at the west advertises that he will mend clocks, lecture on phrenology, milk cows at the halves, and go clamming at low tide. During his leisure will have no objections to edit a newspaper in the bargain.

☞ Dr. Cassin, having heard the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to ask a copy. "There is no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

☞ "How long have you been gone?" inquired a master of a young apprentice, lately, upon his return from an errand lately. "About as long as I went, sir—about four feet six!" was the fearfully sharp reply.

☞ "Boys," said Admiral Trunton, as his fleet closed in combat with the Dutch under Admiral de Winter, "you see a severe *Winter approaching*, I advise you *to keep up a good fire*."

☞ At an evening party a gentleman carving a chicken asked a lady what part she preferred. "I will take a foot handle," said she.

☞ Why did Adam, when alone, find the day long? Because it was always morning without Eve.

Selected Articles.

A COURT SCENE IN GEORGIA.

A friend of mine has recently returned from an excursion into the —— circuit in this State. He tells me that while in the county of ——, he strayed into the Court house, and was present at an arraignment of a man by the name of Henry Day, who was charged with attempting to kill his wife. Day was a pale little man, and the wife was a perfect behemoth. The indictment being read, the prisoner was asked to say whether he was "guilty or not guilty."

He answered, "There's a mighty chance of lawyer's lies in the papers; but some part is true. I did strike the old lady; but she hit me powerfully first. She can swear equal to little of anything, and her kicks are awful. I reckon what you say about the devil moving me is pretty tolerable correct, seeing as how she moved me. I have told all I know 'bout the circumstances, Mister. I gin 'Squire Jones there a five dollar bill, and I allow he'll take it out for me." 'Squire Jones thereupon rose and said he had a point of law to raise in this case, which he thought conclusive. It was an established rule of law, that man and wife were but one; and he should like to know if a man could be punished for whipping himself: he should be glad to hear what the Solicitor General had to say to that. The Solicitor General answered, that he thought his brother Jones had carried the maxim a little too far: men had often been punished for beating their wives. If a man should kill his wife, it would not be suicide.

Here 'Squire Jones interposed, and defied the Solicitor General to produce any authority to that effect. The Solicitor General looked at "Green and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice" for some minutes, and then observed that he could not find the authorities just then, but he was sure he had seen the principle somewhere, and he called on the Judge to sustain him. In the enthusiasm of counsel on the point, they forgot to offer any evidence as to the guilt or innocence of Day in the premises. The Judge, likewise, being oblivious of the fact, proceeded to charge the jury. He told them that a man and wife were one. He remarked that in either event, the man was legally bound to suffer; and, therefore, come as they would, Day was undoubtedly guilty. He said he would not decide the question whether if a man kill his wife it was murder or suicide.

He was not prepared to express an opinion on that point; it was a very delicate one, and he had no idea of committing himself. [Some one here observed that he was mighty fond of committing others.] He then called up the bailiff, a tremendous looking cracker, wearing a broad brim hat, (I never saw a man south of latitude thirty-three, that did not wear a white hat with crape,) and proceeded to admonish him that the jury were very much in the habit of coming in drunk with their verdict, and that if it happened in this case, he would discharge the prisoner, and put the punishment upon him. The bailiff gave a significant glance at the Judge, and replied that other people besides the jury came into Court drunk, when some people were drunk themselves! The jury then retired, and so did my friend.

The next day he returned, and found matters *in statu quo*, except that Day and his wife had made up, and were discussing the merits of a cold fowl and a quart of beer, and now and then interchanging kisses, despite the frowns and becks of the officers. The Judge, Clerk, and Sheriff, had been up all night, and looked wolfish; and the bailiff was seated on his white hat at the door of the jury room, and this indicated that he had swallowed the concentrated venom of a thousand wild cats. The most awful curses, oaths, and sounds, proceeded from the jury rooms; some were roaring like lions, some crying like children, mewing like cats, neighing like horses, &c. At last a short consultation was held at the jury-room, between the foreman and the bailiff; whereupon the latter, putting his hat one-sided on his head, came into the court-room, and addressed the Judge thus: "Mister, Tom Jakes says the jury can't agree about this here man; and if you keep him [that is Tom Jakes,] without grog any more, he'll whip you on sight." The Judge appealed to the bar if this was not a contempt of Court; and "Green and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice" having been consulted, it was finally decided that it was a threat addressed to the Judge as a private individual, and was to "whip him on sight," and not on the bench; it was not, under the free, and enlightened principles of Georgia legislation, a contempt of Court. This being settled, the Judge directed the bailiff to say to Tom Jakes, the foreman, "the jury should agree if they staid there through eternity." The bailiff retired, and so did my friend—but he gives it as his opinion, from the frame of mind in which he left all parties, the juries and bailiffs are still there.

STRANGE.

Strange, that the wind should be left so free,
To play with a flower or tear a tree;
To range or ramble where'er it will,
And, as it lists, to be fierce or still;
Above and around to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the earth and sky in strife,
Gently to whisper, with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fettered fiend at night;
Or to love, and cherish, and bless to-day,
What to-morrow it ruthlessly rends away!

Strange that the sun should call into birth
All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth,
Then bid them perish and see them die,
While they cheer the soul and gladden the eye.
At morn, its child is the pride of spring—
At night, a shriveled and loathsome thing!
To-day, there is hope and life in its breath,
To-morrow it shrinks to a useless death.
Strange doth it seem that the sun should joy
To give life alone, that it may destroy.

But, stranger than all, that man should die,
When his plans are formed and his hopes are high;
He walks forth a lord of the earth to-day,
And the morrow beholds him a part of its clay;
He is born in sorrow and cradled in pain,
And from youth to age—it is labor in vain;
And all that seventy years can show,
Is, that wealth is trouble, and wisdom woe;
That he travels a path of care and strife,
Who drinks of the poisoned cup of life!

Alas! if we murmur at things like these,
That reflection tells us are wise decrees;
That the wind is not ever a gentle breath—
That the sun is often the bearer of death—
That the ocean wave is not always still—
That life is chequered with good and ill;
If we know 'tis well that such change should be,
What do we learn from the things we see?
That an erring and sinning child of dust
Should not wonder nor murmur—but hope and trust.

SONG.

FROM THE BOSTON EVENING GAZETTE.

Love's a bird you should not cage—
Leave him free of wing;
And with gentle lure engage
The flutterer to sing.
A prison—though 'twere barred with gold—
Would make the captive sigh,
Till, struggling vainly 'gainst his hold,
He'd break his heart and die!
Believe, believe a maiden's word—
That Love's precisely like a bird!

Speak not harshly—he can't brook
Words of chiding sound;
Smile of coldness—doubtful look,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Oh yes! believe a maiden's word—
That Love's precisely like a bird!

THE FRONTIER WEST.

A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce gives an amusing description of manners and doings on the remote frontier of the West. The introduction of judicial authority and forms into the wilderness of Iowa, some years ago, is illustrated by the following story.

Iowa is now the finest frontier country in the West, and is settling up very fast. Judge Williams related to me some amusing scenes that he witnessed, when he first started on his circuit, for the purpose of organizing and holding his first courts among the rude frontier people. In many counties they had not time even to erect any kind of a shelter for a court-house. The best provision which could be made, was to form seats of logs beneath the shade of a large tree, with a raised seat near its body, for the Judge. The Sheriff would open court by mounting a stump or mound, near by, and crying, "*Oh yes, oh yes,*" &c., announcing to the whole universe that the court was then opened, and inviting all who had business to attend. The clerk sat on a block of wood, and used a shingle on his knee for a desk. After the Grand Jury were empannelled and charged by the Judge, they were sent in charge of the Sheriff to a large hollow, or ravine, in which they could sit in conclave, beyond the view of the court or spectators. A smaller hollow or ravine was appropriated for the use of the Petit Jury.

The grass grew very tall in the neighborhood, and if the Jurymen lay down in a ring in the grass, they could still more perfectly exclude themselves from observation. The Judge said, that one day, after having charged the Grand Jury, and dismissed them to their quarters in the large hollow, a tall, raw-boned, *live Yankee* looking man, with hat in hand, addressed him as follows: "May it please your honor, I wish to speak to you." "Order sir, what is it?" "Judge," continued he, with the utmost gravity, "is it right for the fellows to snake in the grass?" "How? what is that, sir?" "Why you see," said the Yankee, "there's some fellows who's tarnal fraid the Grand Jury will find something aginst 'em, which they deserve, and they are snaking up to the Grand Jury, on their bellies in the grass, kind of trying to hear what the Jury are talking about." "No," responded the Judge, with as much gravity as he could command. "I do not allow of '*Snaking.*' Here, Mr. Sheriff, go station a guard around each *Jury's hollow*, and if a man is found '*Snaking*,' have him brought before me, and I will cause him to be punished. Indeed, if this '*Snaking*' is persisted in, I shall recommend a special act to be passed, making it a misdemeanor."

The fact was, the Judge said, there were present at the time, some barefooted vagrant rascals who were probably justly suspected of horse stealing and had "*snaked it*" on the Grand Jury, in order to find out whether the Jury intended to present them; and if so, to gain time by this clandestine warning, and flee the jurisdiction of the court by escaping into Missouri. He related many other curious scenes, which I have no time to repeat.

SUMMER AFTERNOON.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with bright blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man placed his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face—
He thought how often her mother (now dead)
Had sat, long ago, in that place.
As the tear stole down his half shut eye,
"Don't smoke," said the child, "for it makes you cry."

The house-dog slumber'd upon the floor,
Where the sun, after noon would steal—
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning wheel—
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moisten'd brow and the head so fair
Of his grandchild dear were press'd;
His silver locks 'mid her gold hair lay—
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day.

Choice Selections.

TIME.

BY JASPER MAYNE. 1640.

Time is the feather'd thing,
And whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy locks, and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old,
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flowers and roses do appear.
Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire.
Flames turn to frost; and ere we can
Know how our cheek turns pale and wan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

SARATOGA.

Jo Sykes, in the New York Commercial Advertiser gives the following interesting particulars about Saratoga.

I have visited all the springs for which this place is so famous, and I have been astonished to find that they are no less than eighteen in number. How many more there are to be discovered no one can of course foretell. It is said the healing virtues of these waters were known to the Indians at an early day. The first white man to whom they disclosed the secret, was their great friend Sir William Johnson, about the year 1767. He was sick and they thought he would die; they therefore bore him on a litter through the wilderness in which these springs were then concealed, and gave him the waters to drink, in a few weeks he was restored to health. After the independence of the United States was acknowledged and peace proclaimed, General Schuyler made a path through the woods, then inhabited by bears, wolves and all sorts of wild animals, and near the High-rock spring he built a tent, to which he resorted annually with his family for his and their health. This great pioneer was soon followed by others, who built and settled here permanently, and now there is a large town, with numerous long streets and many splendid palaces, in place of his rude tent, and instead of one solitary visiter, there are, at this hour, probably three thousand, in pursuit of health and pleasure.

Each spring has a name, such as Columbian, Washington, Hamilton, Flat-rock, High-rock, Red-spring, the Barrel, the Walton, the Monroe, the Ten-springs, &c. Each one has a history, and each possesses some virtue peculiarly its own. The most remarkable of all, is the Congress-spring, with whose taste and character thousands are familiar who have never been here or may never come. Thousands also come here who do no more than taste the waters, without pretending to drink a spoon full. Till these waters fail, Saratoga must continue to grow in importance. Public houses must be multiplied, and other preparations must be made for a vastly increased number of visiters. It is the permanent residence of the Chancellor of the State, and of several distinguished men. I wonder more gentlemen of leisure do not retire here, especially for the Summer. Many who have establishments in the city, could, with propriety, have a country house at this place.

INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING.

The Rev. Jesse Glover, a worthy and wealthy dissenting clergyman of England, may be considered as the father of the American press. This benefactor of the infant colony of Massachusetts was early engaged in pursuing such measures as he judged would be for its interest and prosperity. Among other things, he was desirous of establishing a press for the accommodation of the business of the church and State. To raise a sum sufficient to purchase printing materials, he contributed liberally himself, and solicited aid from others, in England and Holland. In 1638, Mr. Glover having obtained the means, procured a good printing apparatus, and engaged a printer to accompany it to New England. Mr. Glover, with his family, embarked in the same vessel; he, however, died on the passage, and his widow and children, after their arrival, settled at Cambridge. Stephen Daye, (the printer engaged by Mr. Glover,) by the direction of the magistrates and elders, having erected the press and prepared the other parts of the apparatus, began business in the first month of 1639. The first thing issued from the press, was the Freeman's Oath; the second, an Almanac; and the third, the Psalms in metre.

Samuel Green, the successor of Daye in the printing business, was in Cambridge eight years before the arrival of Daye from England. Green probably obtained a knowledge of the art from Daye, as he was not known as a printer until about the year 1649. Mr. Green died at Cambridge, in 1702, aged eighty-seven years. He was esteemed for his virtues, and was the father of nineteen children. For a long period, many of his descendants of his name have been engaged in the printing business.

"IF I HAD A DONKEY," &c.—The following version of the celebrated donkey melody, says the Boston Post, has been done and adapted for the drawing room by one of the [illegible]:

Had I an ass averse to speed,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

THE LITTLE ERRAND RUNNER.

BY ALEXANDER SMART.

AIR—"O'er the Muir, Among the Heather."

I never saw a bairnie yet
An errand rin mair fleet than Mary,
An' oh, she's proud the praise to get
When hame she trips as light 's a fairy.
In ae wee hand the change she grips,
An' what she's sent for in the ither;
Then like a lintie in she skips,
Sae happy aye to please her mither.

She never stops wi' bairns to play,
But a' the road as she gaes trottin',
Croons to hersel' what she's to say,
For fear a word should be forgotten;
And then, as clear as A. B. C.,
The message tells without a blunder,
And like a little eident bee,
She's hame again—a perfect wonder.

It's no for hire that Mary rins,
For what ye gi'e she'll never tease ye;
The best reward the lassie wins
Is just the pleasure aye to please ye.
If bairns would a' example tak',
An' never on their errands tarry,
What happy hames they aye would mak',
Like our wee errand-rinnin' Mary.

The Olio.

OH DEAR! I DIDN'T KNOW 'TWAS YOU.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

Old Birch, who taught the village school
Wedded a mate of homespun habit;
He was as stubborn as a mule,
And she was playful as a rabbit.
Poor Kate had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country polished life,
And prim and formal as a quaker.

One day her tutor went abroad,
And simple Kitty sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slowly stole and fondly kissed him!
The husband's anger rose! and red
And white his face alternate grew!
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,
"Oh dear! I didn't know 'twas you!"

A QUEER CASE.—An exchange furnishes us with the following novel scene that lately took place in New York: "Come list to me a moment," said Jimmy Ryan, as he took a roll of list carpet from the store No. 161 Bowery. "Where art thou wandering?" said the owner, as he spied Jemmy, and seized him by the collar. "Sweet Rilrudoy, where was I born," was the response of Ryan. "Come, sit thee down by me, love," said the owner of the carpet, as he put Jimmy in a cart on the straw. "While the bloom is on the rye?" said he, interogatively. "What number of yards were there in the roll?" "Twenty-nine and a half." "Full well we know thy potent powers," pursued the clerk, as he took the complaint. "Take him away," was the order of the magistrate. "Ye streams that round my prison keep," sang Ryan, "this 'ere is the last time you'll have a pleasant reflection for some time." "There's no place like home, is there, Porgie Joe?" exclaimed Ryan, as he was deposited in his cell.

FRENCH FIREARMS.—The price affixed to one pair of pistols, at the Exhibition of the Arts in Paris, with exquisite carving, is 12,000 francs, about $2,160; of another, 10,000, $1,800; of a third, three years' labor of an operative, 8,000, $1,440. Superiority is claimed over all other descriptions of arms for the Delvigne *carabine* (not your rifle) in the points of exactness and reach. A barrel of *seventeen* inches kills at the distance of 1,200 *metres*, which is very nearly 3,937½ English feet, or 1,312½ yards. The general proficiency of the French manufacturers of firearms, is declared now equal to that of the British, and their prices are considerably reduced.—*National Intelligencer.*

ARKANSAS INSECTS.—The last Arkansas Traveller tells a good story of a citizen of that State who, while on board a steamer on the Mississippi, was asked by a gentleman "whether the raising of stock in Arkansas was attended by much difficulty or expense?"

"Oh, yes, stranger!—they suffer much from *insects.*"

"*Insects!* Why, what kind of insects, pray?"

"Why—*bars, catamounts, wolves,* and sich like insects."

The stranger stopped further inquiry, nor did he deem it necessary to explain to the Arkansian some passages in Goldsmith's Natural History!

TO PRESERVE GREEN CORN.—For those who are fond of green corn, and desire to have it fresh at all seasons, we give the following recipe from the Franklin Banner. The present opportunity should be improved. "Pack the corn down in clean, tight casks, with a pickle sufficiently strong to preserve cucumbers. It should be put down in the husks, and kept secluded from the air by the brine, so as to prevent fermentation or decomposition. Corn thus prepared, it is said, will keep for any length of time, and will be sufficiently fresh for the table when boiled."

A VERY OLD MAN.—"There is now in Madrid," says the Castellano, "a man named Collor, aged 136 years. His habits are simple and regular. He rises every day with the sun, and takes a long walk before breakfast. He has all his teeth with the exception of the molar teeth, and nearly the whole of his hair, but it is quite white. He stands very upright, and every thing about him indicates extraordinary vigor. He does not smoke, and only uses spectacles to read and write. His appearance is that of a man of seventy."

COCKNEY, OR COCK-NEIGH.—A term applied only to one born within the sound of Bow-bell, that is, within the ancient city boundary of London, has its origin in this tale. A citizen's son, riding with his father out of London into the country, and, being utterly ignorant, asked when he heard a horse neigh, what he did?—his father answered, "The horse doth neigh." Riding father, the son heard a cock crow, and said, "Doth the cock neigh too?" Hence, by way of jeer, he was called "Cock-neigh."

TRUE.—A paper published somewhere in Wabash Valley, speaking of what an editor should be, says: "An editor should place as high a value upon his political reputation as on his private one, and pay the same regard to truth in the columns of his paper as he would in a court of justice; his readers would then be correctly informed, and place confidence in his assertions, and a great deal of dissatisfaction and strife avoided."

A KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGES.—Gentlemen who travel abroad should be able to speak more languages than their vernacular. An English manufacturer seated near a German lady, who spoke no English, said to her, "Marm will you have a peach?" "*Nein*" (no,) said the lady—"Nine," exclaimed he, "why, there's but six on the plate; however, take 'em all."

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—The following original epitaph is on a grave-stone in Bitteswell church yard:—

The world's a city, full of crowded streets,
And death the market where each person meets:
If life was merchandise that man could buy,
The rich would live and all the poor must die.

POROSITY OF THE SKIN.—From microscopic observation it has been computed that the skin is perforated with a thousand holes in a square inch. If the whole surface of the human body be estimated at sixteen square feet, it must contain no fewer than 2,304,000 pores.

PLACE NO CONFIDENCE in imaginary prosperity—never venture beyond your depth—live within your means—think of making a living, and not a fortune—look ahead—take care of the rainy days, be prudent—be temperate—be humble.

A LONG NOSE, AND NO MISTAKE.—Within a few miles of Wilmington there lives a merry cobbler, whose nose is so long, that when he takes snuff he is obliged to walk forward three paces to reach its point.

RECEIPT.—How to make a pair of boots last a number of years. Melt three parts of mutton tallow with one of rosin—give them a thorough application of the mixture, and—be careful not to wear them.

TO MAKE GINGER-POP.—Take a large root of ginger, and after boring a hole in it, fill with gunpowder and plug up. Put it on a hot fire, and in a few moments you will find your ginger-pop.

A BAPTISM at Woodchester, the other day, was attended by the infant's mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother, that is, his grandmother's grandmother.

THERE IS A manufacturer in Pudsey, who has lately got an order for eight miles and a quarter of cloth. He has already executed a few miles of the order.

SPONGE-CAKE.—A very light cake may be made by enclosing a thin coating of dough. It requires no salting, but may be sweetened to the taste.

HOW UNLIKE ARE men and dogs. The former forget services and remember injuries; the latter forget injuries and remember kindnesses.

TOO BAD.—A London paper says the Queen has *reached* her twenty-fifth year; but in doing so, she stood tip-toe, and sprained her ankle!

BY COMPASSION we make others misery our own; and by relieving them, we relive ourselves also.

FLATTERY is like false money: and if it were not for our vanity could never pass in payment.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Put sixty-four raspberries into a goose-quill, and [illegible]

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME, JULY, 1844.

OUR PLATES, BATTLE-GROUNDS, ETC.

In order to increase still further, if possible, the high reputation "Graham's Magazine" has attained, both in this country and Europe, we have sketched out a plan of our own, in regard to embellishments, which, from its extent and usefulness, must meet with general approbation; and we mention it now, because it may hereafter suit those who are *always behind* to take hints from our suggestions, and simply announcing an *invention*, to claim more than the merit of the *previous performer.*

Graham's Magazine, by the engagement of the highest order of talent in the country, both in literature and the arts, is now universally regarded as THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and we purpose, at the close of the present volume, to *show our hand*, and an enlarged enterprise, and we call upon others to strike out something original.

VIEWS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

In pursuance of our plan to make "Graham" in all respects a NATIONAL WORK, we have engaged the most accomplished artists to prepare for the magazine a series of engravings of *noted places* in the far West, South and South-West, while our townsman Mr. CROOME and others are engaged to supply us with a series of views in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and the East. We have purchased of JAMES HERRING, Esq. a series of original engravings, made from original pictures, by CHAPMAN and others, of places noted in Revolutionary History, and also of Messrs. RAWDON, WRIGHT, HATCH & SMILLIE, the beautiful series of Georgia views, prepared some time since from original drawings, for the Messrs. RICHARDS, two noble hearted young gentlemen of Georgia, whose patriotic enterprise—that of giving in elegant style the most charming views of their native State—was abandoned for want of the proper encouragement in the outset. These views are the most elegant landscape pictures that have ever been engraved in the United States, and we rejoice at the opportunity afforded us of sending them forth through our ample circulation to more than one hundred thousand readers, in *every part of the Union*. One of them we give in the June number.

INDIAN SCENES AND SKETCHES.

In addition to this, we have in the engravers' hands some fine pictures of *Indian Scenes—War-Dances—Hunting-Parties—Portraits of celebrated Indian Chiefs—Noted Indian Graves—Sports and Pastimes among the Indians, &c., &c.* So that we shall give a strictly American character to Graham's Magazine, and present in the coming volume, *from original American drawings and pictures*, the most glorious scenes of every part of our country.

BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

"The Battle-Grounds of America" is a feature of which we are proud. This we projected *more than two years ago*, and Mr. Peterson and others at that time began, at our instance, to collect letter-press materials for those sketches, as can be proved if necessary by a host of witnesses. We have now *four of these Battle-Grounds ready to publish, and shall give one in the July number.* We already occupy the ground, by the possession of more than a dozen of these sketches, and therefore *defy* any thing more than a *mere show* of competition.

We had a conversation with Col. S. D. Patterson, upon this subject, early last summer, and we hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to him for valuable suggestions on this matter. We add notes from him and other gentlemen below.*

We have thought proper to meet this question, because a similar effort was made to deprive us of credit, when, in 1841 and '42, the magazine world was taken by storm with our unequalled series of mezzotint plates—a feature adopted by others long after we had occupied the field.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"Our Portrait Gallery of American Authors" is a feature which we claim as *our own*, and, though *imitators* may arise, we have secured *all the best writers of the day*, who come appropriately under the denomination of "Our Contributors," and we need not tell our readers that these are nineteen-twentieths of our magazine writers. *We, therefore, bid defiance to any and all competition in magazine illustration.*

OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The high tone of the articles in Graham's Magazine has given it the proud position of "*the leading magazine in America.*" With such writers as the following, *secured* as regular contributors, the publisher defies any rivalry: James Fenimore Cooper, Hon. James K. Paulding, W. C. Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry W. Herbert, James Russel Lowell, Chas. Fenno Hoffman, Hon. R. T. Conrad, with a host of other gentlemen of high repute.

Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Mary Clavers, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Annan, Mrs. Nicholas, Mrs. Peirson, Mrs. Worthington, Miss Rand, Miss Hervey, and others.

MUSIC AND THE FASHIONS.

An arrangement has been made with competent artists for *Original Music* for Graham's Magazine, and also for the earliest styles of fashionable costume, which will regularly appear in this work.

TERMS.

SINGLE COPIES,		$3 PER ANNUM.	
CLUBS, 2	"	$5	"
" 5	"	$10	"
" 8	"	$15	"
" 11	"	$20	"

An Original Novel will be sent to each subscriber.

Address, GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

THE BATTLE-GROUNDS.

Philadelphia, April 20, 1844.

* MY DEAR SIR—In reply to your inquiry, I can state, with perfect confidence, that, in the summer of 1843, I had a conversation with you on the subject of making engraved views of the "Battle-Grounds of America" a feature in the Magazine, and that I then saw, in your possession, an original sketch of Chew's House, and the battle-field at Germantown. Very truly, &c. S. D. PATTERSON.
GEO. R. GRAHAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR—I distinctly remember the occasion on which the publication of "The Battle-fields of America" in your Magazine was projected. It was in my office, more than two years ago, in a conversation betwixt you, several other gentlemen, and myself. About a year afterward, to my knowledge, steps were taken to put the project in execution. Yours, truly.
April 23d, 1844. CHAS. J. PETERSON.

DEAR SIR—I distinctly remember that, more than eighteen months ago, you mentioned to me, in a conversation I had with you, that you were about introducing "The Battle-Grounds" into your Magazine, and that I then expressed a high opinion of the plan.
Philada., April 23, 1844. SAML. TILLER.

UMBRELLAS CHEAP.

REST FENNER & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, AND SUN SHADES,
No. 143 Market Street, Philadelphia,

Invite the attention of merchants, manufacturers, &c., &c., to their extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES FOR CASH.

The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the Lowest Price for Cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.

Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of merchants, manufacturers and dealers. mar 16-1y

A Large Assortment of the New Style Curtain Parasols.

TO PARENTS AND OTHERS.
RAND'S INTRODUCTION TO PENMANSHIP.
NEW SERIES IN SIX PARTS.

THIS SYSTEM IS THE RESULT OF MORE than thirty years experience. It commences with the simplest principles, and by a gradual progress, terminates with a free, bold and expeditious business hand. By the use of these books, the learner will advance rapidly and surely without the aid of a teacher, as all necessary instructions are given on their covers.

The system has been adopted by the public, and most of the private schools of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, &c., &c., and has proved eminently successful.

These books contain twice as much as the common ruled books, and are sold (wholesale) at the same price.

Published and for sale by B. H. Rand, 106 South Ninth street, where may be had also, Rand's Penmanship in eight parts, suited to every stage of the learner's progress both in plain and ornamental writing.
my 4-tf B. H. RAND.

CONSUMPTIVES DO NOT DESPAIR!!

THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR and WOOD NAPHTHA, the most certain and powerful remedy ever discovered for PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, and all diseases of the respiratory organs.

The readers attention is requested to the following ASTONISHING CURE of a lady well known in this community.

PHILADELPHIA, March 9, 1844.

Mr. S. Thomson—Dear Sir—Although unsolicited by you, I consider it a duty I owe to my suffering fellow creatures, to make the following statement, which for humanity's sake I hope you will make public; for rarely, if ever, has so astonishing a cure been effected in Pulmonary Consumption, when the patient was so near the grave.

Four years ago I had a violent attack of bilious fever, which left my general health in a wretched condition, with great weakness at the chest; a slight cough supervened, which gradually increased in violence until all the symptoms of Pulmonary Consumption became fearfully apparent: Such as *copious night sweats, soreness and swelling of the throat, hectic fever, hoarseness and often total loss of voice, a sense of suffocation and dreadful oppression*, so that for *ten months* together, it was necessary every night to prop me up with pillows almost in a sitting posture; *bleeding from the lungs*, and at one time I threw up a *full pint of blood*. Such was my distress, that I had to keep my throat constantly moist with some cooling liquid, and to crown all, I suffered with *violent palpitation of the heart*. Every morning I would cough up with great pain, large quantities of putrid matter. In this condition I rapidly wasted away, and I had not the shadow of a doubt that before this winter was over I should be a corpse.

During my protracted sufferings I used all the popular remedies for Consumption, but none of them even so much as relieved me. I also had the advice, at different periods, *of four good physicians*, who did all they could for me, with no avail. They in turn pronounced me incurable, and said that I might linger a few months, but my disease was *confirmed Consumption*, and beyond the reach of medical skill.

In order, if possible to procure at least an abatement of my sufferings, a friend suggested the use of your *Compound Syrup of Tar*, and brought me a bottle, and I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses, at the *immediate* and *wonderful* relief it afforded me. I took it regular for two months, every symptom gradually disappeared, my lungs healed, my strength returned, and astonishing as it may seem, from *being scarcely able to raise my head from the pillow*, I am now able to *walk miles* without fatigue, and your invaluable medicine has, through the blessings of God, been the means *literally*, of rescuing me from the grave.

Should you think proper to publish this you are at liberty to refer the afflicted to me, that every word of the foregoing may be substantiated by me in person.

MARY HANEY, 48 Spruce st.

Prepared and sold by S. P. Thomson, N. E. corner 5th and Spruce sts., Philada. Sold also by Dr. Wm. C. Mc[illegible]

PARENTS, MOTHERS PARTICULARLY are informed that JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, NEVER fails to cure SUMMER COMPLAINT, Cholic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, &c., and all other affections of the Stomach and Bowels.

DARLINGTON, Beaver Co., Pa., Feb. 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne: Dear Sir—My little son when about two months old, was seized with a *bowel complaint*. It continued for about two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "Jayne's Carminative," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint; and immediately despatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty-six hours the disease was checked, and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "Jayne's Carminative," and the result was a speedy cure.

The same child, owing to exposure, when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed lest the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a teaspoonful of your Expectorant, and applied some liniment to the throat and breast; and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I have so high an opinion of your medicines, and why I advise every family to keep them on hand, ready for any emergency.

Respectfully yours, ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
Pastor of the Presb. Church, Darlington, Pa.

Dr. Jayne: Dear Sir—Having used in my family, for eight years, your Carminative Balsam, I deem it due to yourself and the public to state that I have uniformly found it efficient in relieving and removing the complaints for which it is intended. I am strongly opposed to all quackery, but touching the above medicine, "I have testified that which *I do know*," and that which *I have experienced.* Respectfully yours, JOHN C. HARRISON,
Pastor of Baptist Church, Bordentown, N. J.
June 1, 1839.

The names of hundreds of others equally respectable can be given, and all pronounce it the most valuable medicine in the world for the cure of Bowel Complaint.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

SINCE the important discovery of Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair from falling off, or if already bald may with certainty have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's appeared, and has continued to increase, so that I have had it cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was however, very fine, though quite thick.

Respectfully yours, &c.
GEORGE W. EATON.
Professor in Hamilton and Literary Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

From the Somerville (N. J.) Whig.

Some time since I called upon Mr. P. Mason, of Somerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING handsomely; I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.

JAS. O. ROGERS, Methodist Minister,
Mount Horeb, Somerset county, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1838.

Doctor Jayne—Dear Sir: I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now for about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried many of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bears Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c., &c., without experiencing much, if any, benefit.

Respectfully yours,
S. B. FITCH, M. D.,
No. 179 Chesnut street.

We publish the following letter from a sense of duty to the public. It is just such a letter as we should have expected from such a source. We know Dr. Quigly personally, and there is no man in the country, whose opinion is entitled to more respect. He is on all subjects honest and sincere, and his high character as a Physician can be attested by the first medical men in this city.—*Philada. Sun.*

Shepherd's Town, Va. Oct. 10, 1843.

Dear Sir,—You inquire of me whether I have used your Hair Tonic, and the effects. Several years ago my hair began to fall rapidly from the scalp, and I had the prospect of premature baldness. During several years I used various preparations recommended for the hair, from which I derived no benefit. At length a friend recommended your Hair Tonic. I used three or four bottles according to the printed directions, and at the end of six months, my hair was thick set, and since its tendency to turn grey was arrested.

I have never before given a certificate, recommending patent medicines, which indiscriminately used, as they often are, do much injury, but in a case like the present, where I know the article to be beneficial, and that it can do no harm. I have no scruples in stating facts within my own knowledge.

Yours, &c. JOHN QUIGLY, M. D.
Dr. D. JAYNE, Philadelphia.

Prepared only by Dr D Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia, where also may be had Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, Carminative Balsam, Sanative Pills and Life Preservative. june 17-1e

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!
THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE.

THE following testimony, says the Pittsburg Daily Sun, has been voluntarily offered to the agent of Dr. JAYNE, at the Franklin Head Printing Office, Third street, of the valuable effects of the use of his Vermifuge and Expectorant, by JOHN KNOX, a well known and highly respectable Book and Job Printer, of this city. The facts he states can be generally testified to by several respectable physicians, besides various inhabitants of the city, conversant with Mr. Knox's family.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 20, 1843.

Mr. A. JAYNE:

Sir—Justice to Doctor D. Jayne's Medicines compels me to make you the following statement, respecting a child of mine who suffered very much from an affection of the lungs or chest.

In the fall of 1839, my daughter, six years old, took sick with a violent cold, which grew worse every day, until she could scarcely breathe. We called in a very eminent and a very attentive physician, who immediately took her in his hands, and said that she would not have lived one day more without aid. She continued very ill for three or four weeks, the physician doing every thing that he could for her—but all to no purpose. The seat of her disease could not be reached—her breathing was very short: it was but a gasping for breath—her right side began to swell up very much. The Doctor thought that water was accumulated in her chest; he consulted with the best physicians in the city—one of them was of the opinion that it was matter instead of water. Every thing was done that could be done to remove the water, but all without effect—blistering, cupping, leeching, &c., until our patience and the patience of the Doctor himself was completely exhausted. At length the Doctor concluded that an operation was necessary to give her ease, but he did not promise that he would cure her. He consulted with several of the best physicians in the city, and they came to the same conclusion, that nothing but an operation would do her any good. We (her parents,) gave consent, and in the latter part of January, 1840, the operation was performed. The child, being nothing but skin and bone, stood the operation very well, considering her great weakness. About three pints of matter were taken from her side, between the sixth and seventh ribs, without much relief to her. The matter was at first healthy, but afterwards became offensive, bursting out in the night and running all over her clothes and bed—the smell being so bad that we have had to open the house in the middle of the night, in order to be able to dress her.

All this time she was burning with fever, and coughing all the time. She had a voracious appetite, indeed, and all she ate passed from her just as she ate it, without being the least touched by her stomach. This state of affairs continued for three or four months, the Doctor still attending her, and doing his best to make her EXPECTORATE, but always without success. He gave her twenty-three mercurial powders in succession to salivate her, but they never touched her—she remained the same, as the Doctor said, "neither better nor worse." He finally told me he could do nothing for her; he said that she must die. These are his words: "your child must die; she can't live; she smells like a corpse and looks like a corpse." He left her and we resorted to Sarsaparilla Syrup, thinking that she might obtain relief from it. We used one bottle, a quart, but without any success, and in about a week after the Dr. left her he called again, for he was very anxious about her, and we must say for him that there never was a more attentive physician; he expressed his surprise to find her pretty much as he had left her. He said something must be done for her. I would here mention that we had to dress her side from six to ten times per day—and she inclined to lie on her right side so much that she became crooked—her back bone was quite bent, and her breast and side had sunk very much, so that we had no hopes of her ever being straight if she should get well otherwise.

The Doctor now proposed to fumigate her with mercury, in order, he said, to alleviate her if possible. I procured the stuff, and on my way I passed your Printing office, and mentioned the circumstance of the child's sufferings to you. You recommended, if you recollect, Dr. Jayne's EXPECTORANT and VERMIFUGE. The Vermifuge first, to give tone to her stomach, and the Expectorant to make her expectorate—just what she wanted. She often said, "If I could spit I would feel better." Well, we did not like to have her sit over hot mercury for two hours a day for twelve days, and I immediately abandoned the idea and took your advice, got a bottle of Vermifuge and one of Expectorant, and commenced using them. I gave her a teaspoon full of Vermifuge first, and then fifteen drops of Expectorant the first day. The next day I gave her a tea spoon full of Expectorant, and it made her vomit, which did her great good; for it seemed to break the fever, and the sweat began to show itself on her brow; and in one week there was a great change on her for the better. We began to feel as though we should not lose her yet. The matter from her side became less offensive every day, and grew thick and yellow, whereas it was black and thin like dirty water before we gave her your medicines. She also expectorated very freely, and the same kind of stuff that came from her side before, now came from her mouth every time she would cough, in great quantities. I continued to give her fifteen drops a day until she got entirely well, which was in the winter of 1841-'2; and the reason why I have not made this known before, is this: I wished to see whether or not a permanent cure had been effected; and this I think can safely be said by all who know the child, as she is now running about and going to school, as well as ever she was. Her back having resumed its natural shape, her breast and side filled up, and she is fat and hearty—all the effects of Dr. Jayne's valuable medicines.

I believe if I had known of your medicines in the first place, the child's sufferings would have been of short duration, [illegible]

JOHN KNOX, PRINTER, Pittsburg.

The above valuable medicines are prepared only by Dr D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.